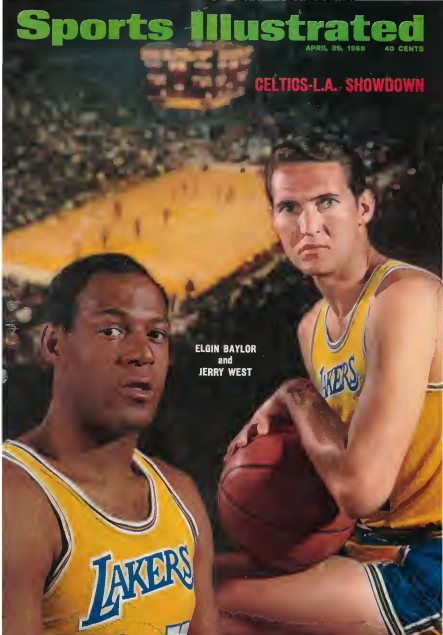


# Sports Illustrated

APRIL 26, 1968 40 CENTS

CELTICS-L.A. SHOWDOWN

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\*Top-loading as established by the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers.

**Give Mom a Frigidaire Dishwasher because...**

**Frigidaire bothers to build in more help**



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## Next week

**THE WORLD CHAMPION**, according to the WBA, will be the winner of the Jerry Quarry-Jimmy Ellis heavyweight fight. Mark Kram reports and assesses the victor's title claim.

**THE KENTUCKY DERBY** preview features Whitney Tower's last-minute expertise plus a color portfolio of people for whom the race is the most important event of the year.

**LETHAL MULTITUDES** is the name given to marauders and exterminators by their detractors. Hugh Whinn examines the hot claims of both enthusiasts and critics and sounds a warning.



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## BOOKTALK

John de Graff is publisher by special appointment (his own) to all sailors

Seizing a line from the arch and glamorous ladies on television who announce, "If I can sew, you can sew," Mary Blewett begins her book on navigation with the statement, "I do not understand trigonometry, and for that reason there will be no mention here of sines or cosines." Since most authors of so-called books for beginners on navigation, a subject largely rooted in trigonometry, seem more eager to display their knowledge of the occult and the mysterious than to disclaim it, Miss Blewett's approach to the study in *Celestial Navigation for Yachtsmen* (34 95) is radical indeed. The fact that it lives up to its promise is doubtless why John de Graff of Tuckahoe, N.Y., chose to revise this book published in England 18 years ago and reprint it for American readers.

Truly a book, as its author says, "written for beginners by a beginner," Miss Blewett's volume manages to explain the inexpressible in less than 100 pages and thus to give the most timid yachtsman courage to plunge into a subject he might otherwise avoid. As such, it is a logical addition to the De Graff collection, which includes reprints on all manner of seagoing subjects from treatises on the merchant marine to a manual for crewing on small racing boats.

Although he publishes about two original books each year, most of the De Graff output consists of reprints from overseas. No other publisher in this country can match in variety the books he offers to sailors. In addition to his publishing house, he runs an operation called Sailing Books Service that can procure virtually any book on the sea by any publisher. Not long ago, one regular De Graff customer remembered a book on commercial fishing schooners and urged De Graff to seek it out. The publisher finally unearthed a dog-eared copy at the commercial fishing exhibition at Expo '67, decided to republish it himself and, at latest count, has sold 1,000 copies.

Many of De Graff's customers make special trips to his publishing house in Tuckahoe to pore over the stock on hand, suggest new titles or just chew the rag. Says De Graff, "They come by plane, by train, by ship and by car—just to buy a book or two. I don't understand it."

He probably does understand it though, for John de Graff talks sailors' language and that may be why they buy his books. He doesn't own a boat himself, however, and doesn't intend to get one. That way he keeps out of arguments with his customers.

"Sailors," says John de Graff, "have damned strong opinions, you know."

—HUGH D. WHALL





# THE CIVILIZED SAFARI OR CROCODILES WITHOUT TEARS.

There is a place on this planet where no Hilton stands. A vast dark place of such mystery and legend that even the Spanish and Portuguese *conquistadores* dared not intrude. The Amazon Jungle.

Now, four centuries later, little has changed. Crocodiles still lounge on river banks. Piranha and 600-lb. prehistoric fish still glide through the waters. Jaguar, wild boar and the world's only 200-lb. rodent still roam the jungles.

As for the Indians, some of them deep in the interior have still never seen, or been seen by, explorers. Others, have made friends with the few who have ventured into their lands.

And now, traveling through the middle of all this, there is a comfortable and secure hotel-boat (guest capacity, 12) with electricity, showers and a well stocked bar.

This floating hotel is run by veteran Amazon guide Andre Rakowitsch. Rakowitsch is one of those few men who have established a friendship with certain tribes of the Amazon Basin. In fact, he and his guests are practically the only people from the outside world these tribes ever see.

When they do have visitors, the Indians are delighted to spend a day trading with them, or possibly swimming with them under a 35 foot waterfall near the village.

Later, back at the boatel, there is a choice of evening diversions available nowhere else in

the world. You can go out with powerful searchlights and shoot a crocodile between its glowing red eyes. Or you can stay on board with an icy martini and dance.

Braniff's 18-day Amazon Safari tour departs from New York and Miami. It includes, in addition to the Amazon-Mato Grosso regions, visits to Bogota, Brasilia and Rio de Janeiro. Fishing equipment is provided.

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Please send me a copy of your Amazon Safari brochure:

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and rivers and lakes and forests and  
prairies.

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the Hudson.

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the Everglades.

Before there was a Denver, there were  
the Rockies.

Before there was a San Francisco,

there was Big Sur.

Even before anything was built on  
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there.

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SHOES BY WINTHROP

# SCORECARD

## ROBERTO RECONSIDERED

The immediate reaction to the scorecard fiasco that cost Roberto de Vicenzo his chance to win the Masters championship was a demand to "change the stupid rule." After all, 10 million people saw Roberto birdie the 17th hole, so who cares what his scorecard said?

But now that the emotions of the moment have quieted, it is interesting to note that those most directly affected by the controversial rule—the touring pros—have not joined in the chorus of outrage. The reason is that they do not like any of the foreseeable alternatives to the rule which in essence makes a player totally responsible for the score on his card when he signs it.

Nobody, least of all the United States Golf Association, which legislates the Rules of Golf in this country, is satisfied with a situation whereby a mistake in scorekeeping can deprive a golfer of what his athletic performance has earned him. However, no major variations of the scoring system have proved successful for tour tournaments, and many have been tried. For a few years in the 1950s, for example, official scorers were employed at the U.S. Open, but their presence caused more confusion and controversy than existed when the players did the job themselves, so the nonplaying scorer was abandoned.

The scoring rule, as it stands, is not archaic and, unpopular though the viewpoint may be at the moment, the responsibility for scorekeeping should not be taken from the golfers. Isolated incidents notwithstanding (and think how awful it would have been if Bob Goalby by himself had been keeping de Vicenzo's card), the players are the best scorekeepers on the course.

However, one small change in the rule is worth considering, and the USGA is giving serious thought to it this week. Instead of keeping the score of the man he is playing with, the golfer would keep his own score. His partner would merely attest the score at the end of a round.

Since every golfer knows what he himself has shot on a hole, there would be no de Vicenzo-type mistake. As Jimmy Demaret, who would like to see such a change, puts it: "You always know what you shoot. It's your money."

## HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

In an unlikely show of April Fool's Day frivolity, the British Broadcasting Company devoted a 20-minute documentary to salmon catching in the Thames. The cameras showed the spawning grounds, Thames anglers fishing in weir pools and one large salmon actually being hooked, fought and landed in the best sporting tradition. The BBC commentator gave the latest information from the Thames Salmon Observatory at Gravesend on the number of fish in the river and interviewed an angler, asking his advice on the best kinds of flies to use.

Few people sensed that something was fishy, but the next day the BBC happily confessed the show was all a hoax, including the salmon itself, which had been bought frozen from a local fishmonger, thawed, hooked and dumped into the water. A live salmon hasn't been seen in the Thames since 1885.

## AWOL

The AAU presumably will be surprised to learn that George Carter, selected to play as an alternate on the U.S. Olympic basketball team, is a professional. He signed a three-year contract with the Detroit Pistons sometime last summer for a \$500 bonus and \$10,000 a year. Carter collected the \$500 in cash, then reported to training camp at Saint Clair, Mich. and was paid \$50 a week for at least five weeks. He made the squad and played in one regular National Basketball Association game against the Cincinnati Royals before vanishing from Detroit.

"Carter just came up missing," Pistons General Manager Ed Coi said last week. "We had paid him the \$500 bonus and the training-camp money, but

when he disappeared I took what he had coming in salary and paid some hotel bills and other debts he had incurred in Detroit. I never thought much more about him—other than wondering where he had gone—until I saw him in the Olympic trials in Albuquerque a couple of weeks ago. I asked him what he was doing there and Carter said the Army had sent him, and I just figured it was all right. I know two years ago the National AAU said that any player who signed an NBA contract but did not play in a regular-season game or didn't collect any money would still be considered an amateur. Well, Carter didn't qualify under either of those criteria. But I figured that the AAU and the Olympic Committee must know what they were doing." The Pistons still hold the rights to Carter.

## A MEASURE OF THE MAN

Baseball club owners say that their scouts are correct about 30% of the time in predicting what talent will make the majors—which makes one wonder why the owners don't save themselves some money and pick players out of a hat instead. In the belief that anything might be an improvement, the Phillies are experimenting with a computerized scouting machine developed by the University of Delaware. The batter's box is a plat-



form loaded with instruments that is similar to the apparatus that opens the door at the local supermarket. Wires connect this platform to the pitcher's rubber. Small instruments are placed in holes drilled into a player's bat and two thin wires lead from the handle of the bat to an electronic unit.

As the batter swings, surface pressure

*continued*



"You'll find 1968

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sold .....anywhere."

*Tommy Armour*

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Tommy Armour clubs are now  
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VICTOR GOLF

#### SCORECARD *continued*

on the platform relays time measurements to the main unit. The speed and smoothness of a batter's stride are recorded. Each man's swing has its own pattern, much like a person's signature. This is plotted electrically on a graph.

The computer records 13 individual traits, which in the end are reduced to four factors: the speed of a swing, the time and length of a batter's stride, whether or not he hits a ball at the peak velocity of his bat and the ratio between his stride, power and swing.

The electronic scout seems to know its business. When Phillie batting star Richie Allen was tested, his swing was so outstanding the recording device jumped off the graph. He has the fastest bat of any major league player tested so far.

By 1970, the Delaware scientists say, they will have established standards for the perfect player. Then all the Phillies have to do is find him.

#### THE LION'S SHARE

The thousands of tourists who pay to visit England's stately mansions apparently have had enough of stone lions and that sort of thing. Estate owners have had to turn to wild schemes to keep the public interested. The Marquess of Bath, for instance, imported 50 lions to romp about his ancestral home in Wiltshire. They were a roaring success the first year, drawing nearly a quarter of a million people (at \$2.80 apiece). Since then the Marquess has added hippos and chimpanzees.

Now there is considerable consternation in the fox-hunting country of Leicestershire over the news that Lord Gretton has bought 25 lions for his home, Stapleford Park. The master of the local hunt has declared, "If I find lions roaming in Lord Gretton's estate, I'll be absolutely appalled." So, undoubtedly, will the hounds.

#### PRO AND CON

Certainly the most novel request being made this year in contract negotiations between pro football clubs and drafted players is that of a *Lansing* (Mich.) attorney, Fred Aboud, who is acting for Jesse Phillips, the Michigan State defensive back picked in the fourth round by the Cincinnati Bengals. Phillips is now serving a 14-month-to-15-year sentence for forgery in the Iowa, Mich. reformatory. He will be eligible for a parole

hearing on June 1, but should he be released then, he would still have to face at least three more felony charges concerning bad checks and stolen property. Aboud, who is Phillips' criminal lawyer as well as his agent in dealing with the Bengals, has suggested to General Manager Paul Brown that he give Phillips a bonus big enough to enable him to make restitution to the merchants in the pending cases and perhaps get the charges against him dismissed. If he is paroled and the other charges are dropped, Phillips could then join the Bengals' training camp in July. "It's worth a try," his lawyer says. "The whole thing could be cleared up for \$500 or so. Of course, we'd like to get more than that for a bonus."

#### HEAVY READING

Everybody knows that it's nice to carry around knowledge and that reading can be an uplifting experience, but the field of letters has not generally been considered among the more taxing of sporting endeavors. A Denver bookstore, however, changed all that recently when it offered a clearance sale to the effect: "All the books you can carry for \$1."

The response was overwhelming. Last year a fine physical type was able to lift 84 books, this year the new champion staggered out with 105.

Ah, the possibilities. Soon, undoubtedly, another bookstore will report 125, still another 150, and others will perhaps announce even greater feats of equally encyclopedic scope. In time, university physics departments will offer such courses as "Uplift 201, From Light Reading to Anthologies" and "Uplift 202: Press, Snatch and Jerk Techniques as Related to the Modern Novel and Unabridged Dictionaries." Fitness classes will be filled with quarterbacks, halfbacks and, uh, paperbacks.

#### AN IDEA WITH PUNCH

There has been serious talk in the last two weeks concerning the formation of another major sports league: boxing. The idea was launched by Sportscaster Jack Drees and is picking up support from well-known sports investors, such as the Pittsburgh Steelers' Art Rooney. Present plans call for a league to begin operation by the fall of 1969 at the latest and to consist of eight cities, probably Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Baltimore, Boston, Washington, Pittsburgh

*continued*



# **Admiral** announces the only 3-year warranty on color TV picture tubes.

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Now, for three years, Admiral can protect you from color picture tube costs that range from \$165 to \$200.

It is the first real breakthrough in color TV—the kind of breakthrough you'd expect from a leader like Admiral.

In short, Admiral has taken the worry out of color TV. And this worry-free color TV is at your Admiral dealer's right now. Choose from a wide selection of handsomely styled portable, console, stereo theatre and Sonar remote control models in a variety of screen sizes.

Now there's no more reason to wait! Start enjoying worry-free Admiral color TV—the only one that offers you a nationwide three-year warranty on all its super bright color picture tubes. See your Admiral dealer soon.


#### **Admiral Color TV Picture Tube Warranty**

The picture tube in each new Admiral color television set is warranted to the original owner to be free from defects for 3 years after date of purchase. During this period, Admiral will supply a replacement tube in exchange for the defective tube without charge. Service and installation costs are to be paid by the owner. Provided no other replacement tube is used, it will be warranted for the

unexpired portion of the original 3 year warranty. To be effective, the warranty must be registered by mailing the warranty card accompanying the set to Admiral within 3 days after delivery.


This warranty applies to all Admiral Color TV sets manufactured since December 1, 1967 when sold through a participating Authorized Admiral Dealer. See him for details.

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By Jantzen.

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#### SCORECARD *Continued*

and Louisville. Each franchise would have 15 boxers, three in each class— heavyweight, light heavy, middleweight, welterweight and lightweight. This would insure that a weekly schedule could be maintained. An intercity match would consist of five six-round bouts, one bout in each division.

The scoring system under consideration would give a certain number of points to a decision winner and more points to the winner by a knockout or a TKO. The earlier the round in which the KO was scored, the greater the number of points awarded the boxer. The team with the most points at the conclusion of the card would be considered the winner. There would be, as in other big-league sports, weekly standings, divisional playoffs, championship matches and perhaps even all-star shows.

Boxers would be signed to one-year contracts of between \$8,000 and \$15,000, and each team would hire a coach and a trainer and would provide a gym. At present a feasibility study is being made to determine what talent, trainers and facilities are available. Prospective owners of the eight franchises will meet early next month in Chicago to assess the findings.

Already a number of names have been suggested for the new teams. One was inevitable: the Louisville Sluggers.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Frank Kostro, Minnesota Twins utility man: "So far I've played right, left and first base and I'm Polish. Does that make me a utility pole?"
- Larry Csonka, Syracuse All-America fullback, after signing a contract with the Miami Dolphins: "I'm taking the check to my wife. She wants to go shopping."
- Roberto de Vincenzo, Argentine golf pro, on his faulty English: "I learn English from American pros, especially Jim Turnesa, that's why I speak so bad. I call it PK-A English."
- Ernie Banks, 37-year-old Chicago Cub first baseman: "We've got durable players on the team. Whenever a player breaks down, we just stick him together with chewing gum—Wrigley's."
- Sonny Jurgensen, Redskins quarterback, greeting Johnny Unitas at the opening of the Colt quarterback's new café, the Golden Arm: "Johnny, it's wonderful of you to name your restaurant after me."

END



# New self-heating shaving foam.

**It turns hot right in your hand. No hot water, no electricity, no nothing.**

Five seconds out of the can, Nine Flags Thermal Shaving Foam starts turning hot.

And in 15 seconds it's about as hot as a barber's hot towel.

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# KNOCKOUT, KNOCKDOWN

*The American League race is taking off right where it stopped last season—with a murderous difference. For every homer hit, at least two men hit the dust as Detroit, Boston and Minnesota battle for the lead* **by MARK MULVOY**

**T**he baseball season, usually an exercise in tranquility until Labor Day, already looks like a video-taped instant stop-action replay of all the madness that transpired during the final week of last year's wild American League race.

There were the Minnesota Twins running off with six successive victories and temuously clutching first place. Hold it! There were the Detroit Tigers winning nine straight games and suddenly precariously resting in first place. Wait a minute. There were Carl Yastrzemski and the Boston Red Sox sneaking up from third place. And, oh yes, there were the Chicago White Sox still losing to every team they played and Manager Eddie Stanky still sermonizing to anyone who would listen.

When Now throw in a few beanballs and a few knockdowns, some calculated brushbacks and a dash of personality conflicts and, gosh, it certainly seems as though the season is in the last week of September once again.

Only one aspect of this mid-April excitement had been predictable: the Twins, who played mostly Washington and New York the first two weeks of the season, were expected to start with a strong winning streak. They did. Manager Cal Ermer obviously has the Twins playing as a team, which was not exactly the situation last year, when they were wrecked by several cases of internal disorder. Bob Allison has been the most productive hitter in the league during the first two weeks, while Harmon Killebrew and a new Tony Oliva, who is

married now and has settled his legal problems, both are meeting the ball the way they usually do. If there are troubles on the team, they center around Rod Carew, the second baseman and Rookie of the Year in 1967. He still has not learned to run the bases. The Twins' first loss came when Carew, representing the tying run, was picked off third base with two out in the bottom of the ninth.

"So they've won six straight games," Detroit Manager Mayo Smith said before the Twins' loss. "That doesn't mean anything yet. There is no way any team is going to spread-eagle this field so early. No way, believe me."

The Tigers, Red Sox and White Sox, to name three that weren't about to spread-eagle, spent the first two weeks playing a round robin that also included the Cleveland Indians. The complexities confronting each team seemed involved enough to insure practically even competition. "The object of the first two weeks was primarily to stay above .500 somehow," said Smith. The Tigers, after all, had a bullpen of untested kids, a team with little finesse—they murdered the ball or else—and the aura of defeat, a relic of that horrible last day of the 1967 season when they lost the pennant.

The Red Sox had a number of possible excuses themselves, among them the injuries to Pitcher Jim Lonborg and Outfielder Tony Conigliaro and a pitching staff that without Lonborg was totally suspect. The White Sox, like Detroit, also sported a defeatist image, having lost their final five games last year, and

now Stanky hoped to win with hitters like Tommy Davis instead of hunters like Walter (No-Neck) Williams.

Alibis aside, what took place between these teams during the past two weeks probably will be the story for their 1986 season. The Tigers did everything they failed to do a year ago and won nine straight games, including three by a 21-year-old rookie relief pitcher, Jon Warden, who worked at Rocky Mount, N.C. last year. The Red Sox survived several dusting incidents with the White Sox and the Indians, and they also won four straight complete games, including successive shutouts by Pitchers Dick Ellsworth and Jose Santiago—in Fenway Park, of all places.

Avoiding beanballs and small talk, the Tigers have thus far concentrated solely on winning. "We seem to have a new approach going for us," said Catcher Bill Freehan, their leader. "Last year we always thought, 'maybe we can win,' and then if we didn't win a game we'd say, 'D.K., we'll try to get them tomorrow.' This year there is no maybe. The pennant is right there—ours to take—and we think only about winning today." This was dramatized in Tiger Stadium when Detroit beat the Indians 4-3 in 10 innings. Cleveland's Sam McDowell had a 2-1 lead in the bottom of the ninth, but the Tigers had the tying run at second base with two outs. Smith sent Jim Price, who plays sparingly as Freehan's substitute, to pinch-hit for Shortstop Ray Oyler. Price shortened his swing and lined a single into right center field to

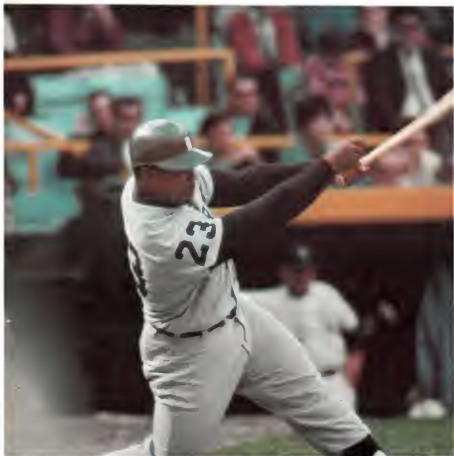
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*The year's fastest starter, Bob Allison (4), waits in on-deck circle as Twin teammate Harmon Killebrew, almost as hot, flashes into a pitch*





*Three in the dirt Saturday against Cleveland were Boston's latest victims of knockdown war, Gene Oliver (22), Mike Andrews and Reggie Smith.*







Brushback incidents, which may have begun last season when Red Sox's Jim Lonborg hit 19 batters, have not had serious effect on Boston hitting.



#### KNOCKDOWN *continued*

drive in the tying run. That sort of thing happened only rarely in 1967.

The Indians, however, scored in the top of the 10th inning, and with Eddie Fisher throwing his knuckleball, it appeared that the Tigers had just delayed the inevitable. Fisher quickly got Mickey Stanley, who has been hitting well, and Dick McAuliffe on routine flies to the outfield in the bottom of the 10th but then he walked Al Kaline. Willie Horton was the next hitter. Fisher soon had the count at one ball and two strikes. "When a pitcher's got you like that, you expect his best pitch, so I was looking for a knuckleball," said Horton. "The thing is, I didn't really know what I was going to do with it."

The knuckler—a good one, bouncing around almost weightlessly—came over the plate, and Horton swung. The ball took off like a Jack Nicklaus two-iron and landed in the lower deck in left field. "That was my best knuckler," said Fisher. "No other right-handed hitter ever has hit my knuckler like that before." The Tigers won the game 4-3.

"If Willie stays healthy all year we could win this pretty easily," said Pitcher Earl Wilson. Staying healthy, though, has not been easy for Horton. He has been troubled constantly by injuries to his huge legs, which may look indestructible but apparently are anything but. Last season, for instance, he missed 43 games because of an injury to his Achilles' tendon. That was corrected by surgery, and now Horton says he is ready for his best year.

But it was not Horton's injury last

year or even the one to Kaline, who missed a month of the season with a broken finger, that ruined the Tigers. It was Detroit's bullpen, the least effective one of any contender. Manager Smith has released or traded most of the old relievers who failed so frequently, and now the bullpen is manned by five young kids—Warden, Fred Lasher, Daryl Patterson, Les Cain and Pat Dobson. "At least they can throw the ball past the hitter and strike him out," said Smith. "The others always needed pinpoint control, and when they did not have it they got hit hard. I don't want to go through that again this year."

Unlike their more persistent rivals, the Tigers are basically a group of conservatives. They are an altogether quiet gang. They never steal bases. They rarely play hit-and-run. They beat you with the home run from Horton and Kaline and Freehan and sometimes from Jim Northrup and Norm Cash. The Red Sox, by contrast, are loud, but that is not all their own doing. The team has been

*continued*



Tigers' Willie Horton is met by Al Kaline (6) after slanting homer (left) against Indians.



embroiled in several feuds over alleged beanballs and knockdown pitches—weapons designed to intimidate hitters. Last year, admittedly, Lomborg was a leading exponent of the brushback when he won 22 games for the Red Sox and led the major leagues in hit batsmen. But on August 18, Tony Conigliaro, the Red Sox rightfielder, was hit near the temple on the left side of his face with a fastball. Only 23, he probably will never play baseball again. This lives with the other Red Sox.

At least six players were hit by a pitched ball in five of the team's first eight games this year. Yastrzemski has been a particular target. He was knocked down three times in Cleveland one day. Gary Peters of the White Sox hit him on the shoulder in one game last week, and Sonny Siebert of the Indians knocked him down in another. Four different players were hit in the Red Sox-Indians game on Friday. Siebert caught Reggie Smith on the elbow, and a few moments later Boston pitcher Gary Waslewski retaliated by hitting Siebert. The next incident seemed to be accidental, as Waslewski hit Duke Sims on the foot. However, in the following inning, one Red Sox batter was hit by a pitch after being brushed back and the next batter also was brushed from the plate.

Despite all this the Red Sox, who were supposed to be lame-duck candidates this season, were challenging the Tigers and the Twins. Their pitching particularly has been good—better, perhaps, than even Dick Williams had dreamed. Ellsworth, who was rejected by the National League, has been able to keep his pitches down below the waist and, as Tommy Davis said last week, "If Ellsworth is down, they won't hit him." And now Lomborg, who has started to pitch batting practice, is expected to return before the middle of May.

Yastrzemski, naturally, has been subjected to total war by opposing pitchers. "Let's look at it like this," said Catcher Freehan of the Tigers. "Without Conigliaro batting behind Yastrzemski, it is less mandatory for us to pitch to him whenever the situation is tight. The word around the league is to have some other Red Sox hitter beat you."

Last week Yastrzemski hit a home run in the first inning against Cisco Carlos of the White Sox, and then Stanky ordered Carlos to walk Yaz intentionally the rest of the game. One time Carlos even walked him with runners at first and third.

The next day, with Yastrzemski at bat in the eighth inning, Stanky came out to talk with Peters at the mound. He returned to the dugout, and then Peters—on his first pitch—hit Yastrzemski.

Tony Cuccinello, who coached under Stanky at Chicago in 1966 and now coaches for the Tigers, turned grim when he read an account of the Chicago-Boston imbroglio. "Stanky orders his pitchers to hit someone whenever he thinks the time is right," Cuccinello said. "The time in Boston was right, because, hell, the White Sox had not won or scored or done anything."

"I remember in 1966 Stanky fired one of his pitchers, Bruce Howard, \$25 because he would not hit Joe Sparrna with a pitch. Later Stanky told Johnny Buzhardt to hit Jim Perry, the Twins' pitcher. Sure enough, Perry was hit. Well, that night someone told Sam Mele, who was managing the Twins (he's my nephew, you know), about Howard and Buzhardt, and Stanky found out about it. He blamed me, for obvious reasons, but I hadn't said anything to Sam. Stanky called a clubhouse meeting back in Chicago and called everyone a Benedict Arnold. He got so mad he punched a blackboard, knocked it over and bruised his knuckles."

This year Chicago pitchers have hit seven different batters: Dick McAuliffe of the Tigers after he had singled; Freehan, who happens always to be in the way; Sims of the Indians, who had earlier hit two home runs; Vic Davalillo of the Indians after he had tripped; Ellsworth of the Red Sox after he had hit Carlos; Yastrzemski, because he was there; and on Sunday, Detroit's Northrup.

Still, no matter what he has tried the last few weeks, Stanky has not been able to excite his White Sox. Now he even is reading *Combar Karate* and Air Force Major Kenneth H. Cooper's book called *Aerobics*, which claims that the secret to health and longevity lies in regular exercise, measured by an intricate point system. After another Chicago loss last week, Stanky must have scored 10 points by walking around center field for 18 minutes and swing-

ing a fungo bat at rocks in the ground.

There is reason, of course, for this frustration. Every move Stanky has made this year has backfired, and the people in Comiskey Park—the 2,000 or so that actually show up, not the 4,000 that are announced—now are booing him with stinging-by-inning regularity. Last Saturday, when the White Sox and Tigers were involved in a scoreless tie after eight innings, Stanky led off the Detroit ninth with a single, but then Tommy John, who had pitched brilliantly, got McAuliffe on a routine fly.

Now Stanky appeared, and players started to move. Bob Locker relieved John, Ken Boyer came into the game to play third base and Pete Ward moved from third to first. In a matter of moments the Tigers were ahead 1-0 on Freehan's double. Chicago managed to tie the game—typically, with an unearned run—but in the top of the 10th, Stanky moved No-Neck Williams to left field and put Russ Snyder in right—moves that seemed quite logical. Almost immediately, Williams pounded his glove once, twice, three times, under an easy fly and, surprise, the ball dropped 10 feet behind him. With one out, Snyder moved back under another easy fly, and suddenly he was running furiously toward the wall. The ball bounced down for a hit. Detroit scored three runs that inning to win the game 4-1.

"I'm not quitting," Stanky said later. "I still sleep every night without pills. I'm still eating well, I don't drink, though I take a beer. Because of the training and breeding by my parents, I still answer the phone to my friends and critics alike: 'Good morning, how are you?' I'm not bending. If you can't stand the heat, then don't work in the kitchen—and, after all, I'm the chef. I turn my cheeks and they're both red—from slapping, not embarrassment. The cellar is dark. I like brightness, cheerfulness. I've never been associated with last place . . . it is not my personality. Perhaps they think I took dumb pills during the winter."

Everyone, of course, has advice for Stanky these days, even the Tigers. One spotted a bus with a long sign along its side: THE SOX HAVE TRADED FOR APARCKO, DAVIS AND CHANNEL 32, the placard read. "Hmmm," said the Detroit critic. "Maybe Stanky should play that Channel 32. It's got to be hot better than the people he's playing now."

END

*Among season's early have-nots were Eddie Stanky of White Sox (top) and Yankee's Ralph Houk, furious over a call in Minnesota.*

## TWO SECONDS STRETCH FOR FIRST

*The Celtics' astonishing victory over Philadelphia put them in pro basketball's championship round with the Los Angeles Lakers, who also were the runners-up in their division* **by FRANK DEFORD**

**T**he NBA playoffs traditionally have produced orderly results and not just a duplication of what has gone on during the long winter. Until this year the favorites have won 36 of 39 championship confrontations, as teams and players rose and fell to precise form levels. There have been no equivalents of 250-hitting second basemen coming up to smash grand slams. There have been no Stanley Cup sagas of third-place teams awakening from a season's dormancy.

In the modern era of pro basketball, which can be dated definitively from the summer of 1954 when that bright little gentleman from Syracuse, Danny Biasone, gave the NBA his 24-second clock, only two teams that were not regular-season division winners lasted to the finals. Only once has the team with the poorer season's record triumphed in the title round. The only second-place teams to reach the final series were the 1959 Minneapolis Lakers, who were led by a rookie named Elgin Baylor, and the 1966 Boston Celtics, who were behind 2-1 in the first round, moved John Havlicek into the starting lineup and went on to victory.

There is, then, order even in the upsets, for precisely the same things have happened this year, the Lakers (long since moved to Los Angeles) and the Celtics both finished second in their divisions but won their way to the playoff finals. Baylor and Jerry West (see cover) paced the Lakers in a sweep over San Francisco in the Western finals. Hav-

licek, again installed as a starter in the first round, promptly led the Celtics to three straight wins against Detroit. Subsequently he and Bill Russell were the players chiefly responsible for Boston's unprecedented achievement of beating Philadelphia 4-3 after being behind 3-1.

When the seven-game championship series began in Boston Sunday, the favorite again won, as the Celtics prevailed 107-101. Despite that loss, the Lakers have an excellent chance of becoming the first Western team to win the title in exactly a decade. Certainly it does not seem likely that West and Baylor will repeat their shockingly poor shooting performances. West hit on only seven of 24, Baylor on 11 of 31.

After falling behind by 11 points early in the first quarter, the Lakers persistently countered Boston's superlative marksmanship with their strong running game, and several times they led by as much as 15. At half time Russell scarcely had time to catch his breath, as he stormed at his teammates, and the Celtics themselves came out running. Still, Boston did not regain the lead until halfway into the last quarter, when Bailey Howell hit a jumper off a fast break. In that period West and Baylor fell into the worst joint slump of their careers, making three baskets in 17 attempts. Those are bad figures these days. Roberto de Vicenzo shot three for the 17th, and look what happened to him.

As has often been the case after the bloodletting in the Eastern eliminations,

the opening of the championship round had an air of anticlimax about it.

It seemed that the Lakers were coming out of seclusion to play for the title. Since mid-March the team had left California only once, for a brief two-game visit to Chicago. The Lakers routed the Bulls in five games, then San Francisco in four, and neither series attracted much attention on the desert side of San Bernardino. Since they lost the first game they had obviously come to Boston rusty and dulled competitively. If they had won, of course, it would have been said that they were relaxed and rested.

Boston, on the other hand, was trying to maintain the fine frenzy that had driven its tired and aging heroes to the





Overwhelmed by emotion, Bob Russell screams and raises his arms high in triumph after Boston's seventh game victory (Philadelphia Spectator)

victory over Philadelphia—a comeback to match Baylor's astonishing discovery that he can play without knees, or at least without knees as medical students know them. Not to denigrate Boston's efforts, but the fact is the series with Philadelphia was extremely close most of the way and was decided in the end when the 76ers suddenly, unaccountably, forgot how to shoot. In the second half of the fifth game they started missing, and they never stopped missing.

"If I were Russell," Alex Hannum said, "I'd have my defense take credit for it." But it was not readily apparent that the Celtics' defense, always superb, suddenly improved part was through the fifth game. "Maybe we did help each

other a little more," Bailey Howell said, trying to assist expert analysts in perpetuating the myth that all errors in professional sport are the result of vast strategic enterprise. Philly just went cold.

For the first four games and half of the fifth the 76ers shot 44%. For the balance of the series the figure was 35%. That means about 50 points less (10 per half) than they would have scored had they maintained the 44%. Of all the 76ers, only Hal Grier, who had been shooting less than 40%, anyway, improved in accuracy over those last 2½ games. With Chamberlain, an injured leg hampering his movement, made 30% of his shots. Wally Jones made 25%, Chet Walker and Luke Jackson 31%, each.

Matt Guokas 37%, Johnny Green 39% on only 13 attempts. There was no one to turn to.

Absolutely nothing else changed. It was reminiscent of one of those mysteries in which the thief steals only one item and leaves all else in the vault undisturbed. Boston continued to shoot just as accurately as before, but no better. The rebounds remained in the same ratio, so did the free-throw percentages and the number of shots. Boston kept up its running game and Philadelphia kept setting up off Chamberlain in the low post and weaving off the packs. All exactly as before. Only the 76ers kept missing.

In retrospect it now appears they

continued

had at last come to feel the absence of the injured Billy Cunningham, the extra shooter Boston's Satch Sanders left the series with a muscle pull in the fifth game, and while Russell needs him desperately to contend with Baylor, the loss of Sanders' defensive play against the 76ers did not turn out to be very significant. Philly wasn't hitting over anyone's outstretched hands.

Finally Philadelphia may have been more fatigued than Boston. The Knicks had pressed them full-court in their first-round games. The Celtics continued that pressure, with Haylick operating at both ends, alternately throwing and catching passes in the manner of a single-wing tailback. Russell, as brilliant as ever though 34 and in his 12th pro year, restricted Chamberlain in a manner few believed possible. In the last half of the critical final game Wilt took only one shot and hatted up only one errant attempt by a teammate.

Both teams seemed out of sorts in the beginning, and one would have thought that any second-rate pickup team—say, for instance, the U.S. Olympic squad—could have given either a hassle. The players were tight with tension, and the hesitant, slow action should have worked to Philadelphia's advantage. In the broadcast booth Red Auerbach, serving as TV color man, exhorted his men over the air (though the words were only heard 300 miles away in Boston): "Don't hold the ball! We've got to foul to win!" Often he just counted one-two-three, like a dance instructor, pointing out alleged three-second violations by the 76ers.

After a short burst by Philadelphia at the start of the second half, the Celtics took the tempo away from the home team and kept the lead almost all the way. They were ahead 97-95 when Sam Jones was trapped and lost the ball to Wally Jones with 0:54 left. The 76ers set up, and Walker drove down the key. Don Nelson, who had a magnificent series, found himself slightly beaten and gave way to avoid fouling. Walker flicked up the short try. It rolled around, teetered and then dropped away. There were no 76ers on the boards. Russell took the rebound, dribbled the length of the court and was fouled by Wilt. He made the free throw that clinched the game, which seemed only fair considering his contribution to the victory. When it ended officially—100-96, he threw his arms

high in triumph, straining them against the rim.

In Los Angeles the Lakers watched the final game on TV, rooting for Boston. To a man, they believe they can handle the Celtics, matching their speed, giving Russell the boards but out-hooting the rest. Like Boston, too, the Lakers are a team with continuums of top personnel, more closely knit than ever this year under the fresh, easy stewardship of Coach Bill van Breda Kolff, who rails at them all, one by one, and then quickly forgets. In turn, the players look upon their new coach with a sympathetic but hesitated affection. As I.A. Reporter Mervyn Haffner points out, he may be the only coach in history to make bed checks and then keep the poor players awake, drinking beer and talking basketball into the wee hours—until the players beg to please have the bed check concluded.

The Lakers also marvel at van Breda Kolff's ability to survive in winter without ever wearing an overcoat and to survive in any climate in the wild sports jackets he prefers. A luscious black, red and gray tweed number especially dismays Baylor, the team's fashion arbiter. Sometimes van Breda Kolff even wears his camel's-hair Princeton blazer on the bench. He met the Lakers last summer when he put them through strenuous sessions that helped them adjust to the new coach and achieve excellent condition before the season began. In a sense I.A. has really participated in three separate seasons. The preliminaries one was followed by a second period that carried into January. It was a mildly successful period of 500 ball, of learning van Breda Kolff's style as he tried to convince and/or con everyone that West and Baylor should not always get the ball, because offense is a five-man affair. It is true that now the ball moves around more, but late on the 24-second clock or at key times—as in the playoffs. West and Baylor dominate the play. "People are always asking me," says Rod Hundley, an old Laker who is now the team's TV-radio color man, "if Mr. Cooke [Jack Kent Cooke, the owner] really knows any basketball. They say

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD RABALL

Placing the style that too often was unsuccessful in the first game, Elgin Baylor gets by Bailey Howell, dribbles past Russell under the basket and tips a blind reverse layup.





he comes from Canada and that hockey must be his first love. I tell 'em, he knows everything there is to know about basketball in L.A. "Everything," they say. Yessir, Mr. Cooke knows that, in L.A., basketball is just to get the ball to Elg or Jerry."

The Lakers moved into Cooke's Forum on New Year's Eve, where they have been 24-5. More important were the personnel additions the team picked up in the next few days. Irwin Mueller and Fred Crawford. "Those two gave the Lakers an opportunity to keep up their quick," says Bill Sharman, the San Francisco coach. "Before, if you saw West and Baylor leave the game you knew the pace would be slower. Now, if anything, it's faster."

Since the "third season" began on January 17, the first time Mueller and Crawford appeared together, the team has gone 18-9. Crawford gives the Lakers a special edge against teams like Boston, because he can move up front and play against small forwards like Haslick. West used to be obliged to take this assignment, and it weakened the Lakers in backcourt. Mueller has brought strength on the boards, helping Centers Darrell Imhoff and Mel Counts and Forward Tommy Hawkins who, at 31, has come up with his best and highest-scoring season.

The only consistent Laker weakness is inadequate rebounding, as the first game with Boston showed. The Lakers had 62, the Celtics 75. "If we can rebound," West said before the game, "we can win. We're little, but we match up well with Boston. We're quick and we shoot well, and that can be enough in any seven-game series."

So the magnificent rebounder, Russell, who has independently destroyed the dreams of many Laker teams in past championships, is again the key. For years the lithe giant has dominated a team with so much talent that it bulldozed the opposition. Now he is suddenly the object of much sentiment. Supposedly a tired old man near the end of his trail, who has known defeat like other mortals, he has managed to bring his own new team of hustlers and scramblers and even castoffs to the brink of one final great success. "The Celtics are a way of life with me," he says, thrusting his goateed chin forward to enforce the point. He has been the way of life for the Celtics as well.

END



Olympic head Avery Brundage was greeted at Lausanne by Jean Claude Gangas, a Congolese who lobbied vigorously for rejecting South Africa.

## SWITCHEROO FROM YES TO NYET

*The Russians were happy and the Africans were overjoyed when Avery Brundage and the board of the International Olympic Committee decided they would rather not ask South Africa to Mexico City after all* **by TEX MAULE**

While a grim-faced Avery Brundage intoned the words of an announcement from the International Olympic Committee's nine-man Executive Board which, in effect, bars South Africa from the 1968 Olympic Games, a small tableau nearby dramatized the reversal of the stand taken by the committee at Grenoble in February. Jean Claude Gangas, a small, very happy Congolese, rushed to a ground-floor window of the Chateau de Vidy in Lausanne and, grinning broadly, reached in to pump the hand of a plump man bearing a startling resemblance to Nikita Khrushchev. Brundage was perched precariously on the back steps of the villa, and Constantin Andrianov, the representative from the Soviet Union, was the man in the window whom Gangas congratulated.

The cable Brundage read, which was being sent to all members of the International Olympic Committee, said: "In

view of all the information on the international climate received by the Executive Board at this meeting, it is unanimously of the opinion that it would be most unwise for a South African team to participate in the Games of the 19th Olympiad. Therefore, the Executive Board strongly recommends that you endorse this unanimous proposal to withdraw the invitation to these Games. This postal vote is submitted under rule No 20. Please reply immediately by cable CIO Lausanne. Avery Brundage."

The surprising decision to reconsider the invitation to South Africa ostensibly was made to avoid friction in the Olympic community, and none of the members of the Executive Board would allow themselves to be quoted otherwise. But underlying the vote was an obvious, deep-seated fear of the possibility of demonstrations by Black Power advocates in the United States and elsewhere.

"We did not want that chap from California coming down to Mexico City and setting off riots," one member said. "We had to think of the safety of the young people involved in the Games themselves, especially the safety of the white South Africans competing. Suppose one of them should be killed in a riot?" The assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King also had had a profound effect on those attending the meeting. "We were all very much aware of the implications of his assassination and the climate the act had created in America," said another board member.

Andrianov, the Russian, was beaming as he shook hands with Gangas, who is a leader of an organization known as the Supreme Council for Sports in Africa, representing 33 African nations. But the Russian refused to admit that his happiness stemmed from what actually was a victory for the Russian-African bloc.



"We are not entirely pleased by this outcome," Andrianov said through his interpreter. "It is not precisely what we have liked, but I think that we will now reconsider our position. The Mexican people are our friends and we did not want to see them hurt."

"Do you think your threat of boycott had anything to do with this recommendation?" he was asked.

"Threat?" he asked, eyebrows lifted high over small blue eyes. "At no time have we made a threat of boycott. What we have said was that if South Africa were admitted, we would have a meeting and reconsider our attitude toward competing. We made no threat."

The decision was a bitter one for the 80-year-old Brundage, who had arrived in Lausanne from Johannesburg on the Friday before the Saturday-Sunday meetings carrying an envelope with a list of the names of the South African team under his arm. At the airport in Geneva he had said, "If an organization makes a decision and a minority wishes to reverse it in a month, what's to prevent another minority asking for another reversal a month later?" At the Château de Vidy, after he had finished reading his cable to the crush of journalists in the courtyard of the château, Brundage went back inside to a large ground-floor room. To a few reporters there he admitted that it was not necessary for the Executive Board acting as a whole to ask for another vote on the admission of South Africa. "I could have done it on my own authority," he said. "But I refused."

There was little doubt that the new vote would result in the barring of the South African team. One South American expressed delight in what had happened, and the Mexican delegation, upon its return to the Lausanne Palace Hotel, indulged in an orgy of embracing and kissing.

Jean Claude Ganga, who had appointed himself chief lobbyist for the African nations, had hung about the outside of the Château de Vidy on the Saturday afternoon the meetings started, greeting board members effusively as they arrived and vigorously haranguing the members of the polyglot press on hand.

"No," he had said, in answer to one question. "I am not invited to this meeting. You will notice that there is no black man sitting at that table. Of the

entire International Olympic Committee of 71 members, there are only three members from Black Africa, and one of them, the member from Kenya, is a white Englishman. I am available for consultation if they want me, of course." Ganga presented a persuasive case and one with overtones of pressure. "If the committee were to reverse the position," he said, "then I think that we would write to the Negroes of the United States and ask them to reconsider their boycott of these Games. Of course, I realize that they have taken their position antecedent to ours, but it is possible that we would be able to influence them."

Abetting the efforts of Ganga were two more Africans, both of them exiled athletes hailing from South Africa. They presented a detailed brief with their contentions on the situation before the meetings started. They were Dennis Brutus, the president of the South African Non-racial Open Committee for Olympic Sports, and Reginald Hlongwane, the secretary of the organization. Both now live in London.

"The blacks in South Africa cannot speak out on this matter," Hlongwane said. "Dennis was shot, imprisoned and exiled for speaking out. I was exiled. The South African Olympic trials will not be fair if the black and white men do not compete against one another. If you have two lightweight champions, one black and one white, do you sniff at them to decide who goes? If so, you know who will go."

The meetings themselves, although long drawn out, were peaceful. The board members had arrived at their decision by noon Sunday. They spent the afternoon mulling about the long, paneled second-floor meeting room, most of them in shirtsleeves, debating the exact wording of the cable.

"It was amicable enough," said Lord Killanin, the Irish member, who has the pink cheeks and cheerful mien of a hearty drinker, which he is. He is a movie producer, among other things, and wears long sideburns, so that he has something of the appearance of an elderly hippie. "There was no shouting, no banging on the table. We got along well."

With South Africa finally rejected, the Olympic Games would go on with all but full representation, which most certainly would not have been the case otherwise. Among the pressures Ganga had indicated was the threat of a rival Af-

rican Olympic Games. "We shall see what happens," he said before the vote. "Already we have been approached by the American Negroes with the suggestion that we have our own Olympics in Africa at the same time as those in Mexico City, and there are Asian countries who would join us. Was it Harry Edwards who approached me? I am not at liberty to say."

When it was all over, the Mexican Olympic organizing committee held a jubilant press conference in a plush room at the Lausanne Palace. Pedro Ramirez Vazquez, the chairman, said, "We would like to express our deep satisfaction over this decision. We in Mexico are happy that the rules of the Olympic organization are respected."

Ganga, too, held a press conference. Smiling cheerfully, he said, "I want to give thanks all around. I hope when the vote is on, all the other members of the International Olympic Committee will join with the board. I once thought that if I were all powerful, what I would like to do would be to put Paris in a bottle. This may be better."

END



Lord Killanin, Ireland's genial representative, told reporters the meetings were "amicable."

# 'ON, BRAVE OLD ARMY TEAM'

Two years ago this month Army football faced a dark night of despair, but then daylight came as Tom Cahill proved that service academies may be able to build championship teams after all **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Not long ago a relaxed Paul Dietzel sat under the banyan trees of a Waikiki Beach hotel and spoke of his ultimate discouragement as Army's football coach. He said he had made a careful study of the mission of the academy, and, though it pained him to reach such a conclusion, the mission was not compatible with his own desire to make football big time again at West Point.

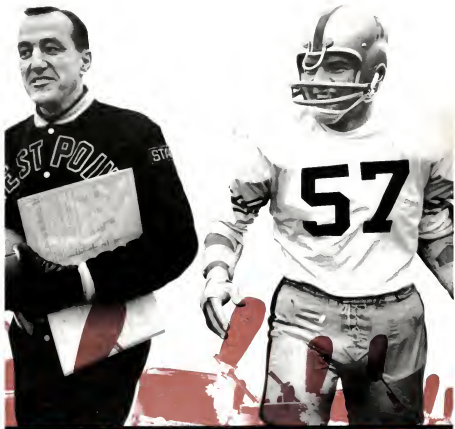
A few days later in the executive offices of Avco Corporation, high above New York's crowded streets, Earl (Red) Blaik sat at his mahogany desk and said he, too, had kept abreast of the academy football program since he retired as head coach in 1958. Asked if, under present circumstances, he thought it possible for Army to compete again at the high level it reached when he

was coach, Blaik replied: "Absolutely."

It was exactly two years ago that Dietzel, one of football's most famous coaches, suddenly quit Army to take the head-coaching job at South Carolina. He left behind him a melancholy troop. Excepting Blaik's unfortunate 1951 team, which was decimated by an academy-wide cribbing scandal and cannot be held responsible for its failings, Army

*continued*





had not had a losing season since 1940 until Dietzel's teams of 1964 and '65 came along. These lost to opponents Army had never been beaten by before (Virginia, Duke, *et al.*) and suffered the first loss in 30 years to peaceful little Colgate. Army had to fight for its life against Rutgers and VMI. It beat Navy once in four years. No solace could be found, either, in the records of the other academies. None—Army, Navy or Air Force—had had a winning season since 1963.

Now it is spring again at West Point. Grunting guards and crashing pads are heard once more on the plains above the Hudson. But the melancholia has long disappeared. In two years under Tom Cahill, the desperate choice of desperate men to succeed Dietzel, Army has won 16 of 20 games. West Point begins the spring of 1968 with bright prospects and an even brighter hope for the future—and with it is a hope for all service-academy football.

That this happened, and how it happened, is one of the more unusual sports stories of the decade, one that marks another turn in the long and twisting history of Army football. It is basically a story about Tom Cahill, a remarkably simple, simply remarkable man, but it reveals a great deal more about what can be expected on the football fields of all three academies in the years ahead—though each goes about its football business with a slightly different attitude and in a slightly different way.

No one at this stage is so bold as to predict a national championship for Army, of course. Colonel Jerry Capka, the athletic director at West Point, says guardedly, "Being No. 1 is not our mission. That would be a fallout benefit." Experience would say he is right. The restrictions and conditions that disillusioned Dietzel, that made Wayne Hardin and Eddie Erdelatz system-buckers at Navy and got them fired despite great success, that contributed to a situation which has, in four years, resulted in two serious cheating scandals at Air Force and done grave damage to the football program there, still exist.

Principal among these are things academy coaches groan over but cannot possibly get around: 1) the postgraduate military commitment is up to five years; to an 18-year-old considering college, four plus five equals half a lifetime; 2) formal declaration or no, the U.S. is at war; 3) since Joe Namath got \$400,000

to sign with the New York Jets, every high school quarterback with half a pound of talent dreams of getting his share. When Blaik had Army vying for national championships, the service commitment was just going up from three years to four, the chances were a West Pointer would not find himself being shot at immediately after graduation and Joe Namath was a poor kid in Pennsylvania.

There are other drawbacks. Recruiting is tough because academy entrance requirements are as high as the Ivy League's. There are no crisp courses. The daily schedule is harsh, intense—especially in the first year—and the strict regimentation discourages many. The attrition rate is high. At West Point flunk-outs, dropouts and physical failures average 25% per class. Among athletes the average is not much better—23%.

The football coach has his team for a maximum of 90 minutes a day. When Hardin was at Navy he gave up practice on Mondays so he could have film studies and blackboard talks. The only time Cahill is alone with his Army players—except on road trips—is during occasional Saturday morning heart-to-heart strolls to Trophy Point.

There is no such thing as redshirting. A cadet cannot take five years to play four. The coach sinks or swims with the material on hand. Consequently, to make ends, guards and tackles meet, coaches spend a lot of time shaping guards out of halfbacks and ends out of hopeless cases.

But the last few years have brought encouraging changes. Because of them, Colonel Blaik believes that football "living within its place" at West Point is not bad living at all and is better than at any time since World War II when good athletes were chartered into West Point and Annapolis by the busload.

To begin with, Army has almost triple the appointments (scholarships) for football that it had when Blaik was head coach. Blaik averaged 18 a year. Though he was his own athletic director, his requests to raise the allotment fell on deaf ears. Army now gets as many as 50 or 60. Coach Cahill is fond of saying that there is a heap of difference between boys who play football and boys who are football players, but the fact remains that availability is up and so, collaterally, is the quality. Of the candidates for appointment who were especially tapped for football, 47 got into West Point last

fall. Army's unbeaten plebe (freshman) team totaled 105 players.

Navy screens as many as 500 names a year and winds up with about 125 on its plebe roster. A coach at the Air Force says, "There isn't a top-flight student-athlete in the country that we don't try to contact." Says Army's admissions director, Colonel Robert Day: "We do not discriminate against athletes."

Army's prep school for servicemen at Fort Belvoir now has a football program that is near to equaling the one Navy established at Bainbridge Prep in 1962. The Air Force has a prep school right on the academy grounds. Candidates who are not admitted this year can enroll in the prep schools, play football in them and start their service academy careers the following year. This is stockpiling, of course, but perfectly legal—and sensible. Other schools redshirt, and a popular way to beat scholastic requirements on the West Coast is to earmark a growing boy for future use and shove him first into a junior college.

Army's enrollment is going up from 2,500 to 4,400 by 1971, and a massive building program is under way. The Air Force is following suit. Navy's enrollment is already 4,100. The importance of recruitment increases proportionately. As usually happens, the outstanding service-academy prospect is also an outstanding athlete, the cream at the top. Facts? Facts? Of the 1,054 boys admitted to West Point as the class of 1971, 558 (53%) were captains of one athletic team or another in high school; 165 were all-state or all-conference in their sports; 698 were lettermen; 215 were presidents of their student bodies or senior classes; 59 were valedictorians; 429 were club presidents; 208 were Eagle Scouts.

Nor is it as hard to recruit for the academies as some coaches would have you believe. Frank Lauterbur, an assistant under Blaik and now athletic director at Toledo, believes that there is "a certain type of boy, that rugged individualist who welcomes the challenge" who waits at almost every high school for the call of bugles. He wants to go to the academy because of a Korea or a Vietnam, not in spite of it. He finds Beast Barracks (plebe summer quarters) something to tackle, not to shy from. Coaches like Blaik, who have long dealt with West Pointers, and even those like Hardin and Dietzel, whose experience was relatively short and sour, cannot but

*continued*



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praise them. "The finest group of young men I've ever known," says Dietzel.

To get them, the academies recruit all-out, nationwide, year-round. Navy's major asset in this regard is E. E. (Rip) Miller, a 1924 Notre Dame tackle who threw blocks for the Four Horsemen and an ex-Navy head coach who has been assistant athletic director at Annapolis for 20 years. Miller has what he calls his Bird-dog Program, namely, 300 scouts looking the nation over for the boy who can pick up his physics book and run 100 yards with it in 9.5 seconds. Miller spends a lot of time in Washington lobbying for academy appointments. He finds about 300 boys interested in Navy, and from these he winds up with his 125. The objective? "Competing and finishing at the top. Maybe not No. 1 or 2, but at the top."

Army now has its appointment lists computerized—a boy can be informed in January if he has been accepted. It used to take until April for all of the red tape to be unraveled. Often the boy would not wait, preferring to accept a surer offer from another school. But Army does not have a Rip Miller. Instead, it places the athletic directorship directly in military hands, which means a change every three years, and it is often true that the orientation period for the new athletic director lasts as long as his assignment. When Colonel Capka took the job last year, he had not seen an Army football game since 1944.

The Air Force used to have a civilian assistant athletic director, too. Bob James, who is now commissioner of the Mid-American Conference. But when James left, the military took over, and the program has not gone smoothly since. The Air Force Academy, which opened in 1955, has worked hard to catch up with its brother academies. The football program was hurt considerably by the honor-code violations and mass dismissals of 1965 and 1967. Star players were here today and packing tomorrow. But Coach Ben Martin, a Naval Academy graduate, believes in the system.

"If I didn't, I wouldn't be here," and continues to recruit well. Last year's freshman squad of 120 was excellent. "We know they're good," said Martin's freshman coach, Jim Bowman, "because every one of the starting 11 was recruited by Army, Navy or both."

The stern regimen that demands so much of a cadet actually works to his ad-

vantage as an athlete. Skip classes? Unlikely. Break training? Impossible. The entire program is athletically oriented. Everybody participates. Army has 19 teams in intercollegiate competition and its intramural program is immense. The plebe football team played nine games last year. Freshman teams at most colleges are lucky to play three. Navy Coach Bill Elsas says that 90-minute-a-day practices are restrictive, to be sure, but he never needed more time than that at any other school he coached. Says Army's Cahill: "How much is enough? If you had four hours a day, you'd want eight."

Is it really important that the academy football teams be winners? Go to bowl games? Occasionally compete for national championships? Yes, it probably is. There was a time when Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover called the Navy team a "static of professional football players kept for public entertainment" and said the service academies' sole purpose was "to train officers." The view from the admiral's bridge, dissenters say, was shortsighted for this reason: the "names" that keep the academies in the news, that make them attractive to future generals and admirals, are almost invariably athletic names, those of star athletes who become star officers, like Pete Dawkins and Bill Carpenter and Doc Blanchard. The academy image is sold to prospective cadets and an otherwise uninterested public on the nation's football fields on Saturday afternoon. The service teams should not offer up, week in and week out, the image of failure. They cannot afford to stumble around against Rutgers and VMI. They must beat Notre Dame and Tennessee at least some of the time, and Colgate all of the time. It is not enough anymore to just "Beat Army!" or "Beat Navy!" and claim that was a grand season. Hardin's Navy teams beat Army five out of six, but he had a problem with his image—i.e., bad press—and his victories were not much cushion when Navy threw him out.

Increasingly, the academies recognize the value of national exposure. Navy, which started going to bowl games in 1954, has been four times. The Air Force has been twice. Army is still denied the privilege, mysteriously, but its reserve is breaking down. Army keeps adding seats to little Macho Stadium—the plan is to go to 50,000—and steel to its schedule. In 1970 Army has the kind of sched-

ule no team should play unless it has big ideas. Baylor, Nebraska, Tennessee, Notre Dame, Penn State, Syracuse, Navy. In 1971 it adds Miami and Georgia Tech. By 1970 Army may be good enough to face such a diet of muscle. Last year it was a sound team, and this spring Cahill has a squad filled with promise. Quarterback Steve Lindell throws as if his arm is broken, but his passes get there. Find Terry Young as an outstanding athlete; Halfback Charley Jarvis could play for Notre Dame. None of them will be pros, but they help this team acquire a polish familiar to those who used to watch Blaik's.

Earl Blaik had six undefeated teams in 18 years at Army; Navy only one (1926) in recent times and Air Force one (1958). Unfortunately, Blaik's peculiar ability to get exceptional performances out of his cadets and keep the brass from envying him too much could not be handed down to his successors. When Dietzel, who worked for Blaik in 1953, returned as head coach in 1962, he had his own methods, and they failed.

There are still those, however, who cannot bring themselves to believe that an unknown, a Tom Cahill, could succeed where a Dietzel did not. What Tom

*continued*



CAHILL WITH FAMED AIDE PETE DAWKINS

Cahill does is go along in the Blackian manner without trying to be another Black. He does not fight the system, he is as much in awe of it as he is in control of it. It does not bother him to be treated like one of the guys. He bought a new car the other day and parked it in his reserved spot. He forgot to put on his parking sticker. The MPs gave him a ticket. He thought it was funny.

Under Cahill the Army team went back to being plain old Army. No more Chinese Bandits, no more cadets in the stands wearing silly straw hats. He said he was not the artist his predecessor, Dietzel, was, so there were no more inspirational posters for office and locker-room walls. He did not call acquaintances and sportswriters Stud, Coach or White Stallion. In turn, they did not call him Thermoid Tom. On the practice field you could tell the Army players without a color chart. He did not dress them in jerseys of rainbow assortment to denote rank, status or specialty. No more fruit juice and water given on a merit basis, no more Friday night hot-chocolate breaks with cookies and a red apple, stereophonic music piped into the dressing room or mattresses with fresh white linen for the players to loll on and contemplate the game. The team did not go out to play Navy in shoes painted white.

Under plain old Tom Cahill, that perfect stranger in paradise, Army is dull during the week—the jerseys are pedestrian, the posters say "please put dirty socks here"—and flashy on Saturday. Under Dietzel, whose ways to win worked wondrously at LSU, Army's gimmicks were brilliant but its football was dull. Dietzel's teams eschewed the forward pass and punted on third down. They played containing defense. In Cahill's first year (1966), Army threw 50 more passes than were thrown in any of Dietzel's four seasons. On defense they swarmed Jerry Levas of SMU was hit by seven cadets on one memorable play last season, and the other four were right there guarding the pile.

Tom Cahill's adoration to his wife Bonnie when he arrived home with the Army job in May of 1966 was, "Don't panic." He says taking the job was a reflex action; had he had time to think he probably would have refused it. He was 46 and happy to go on as Army's plebe

football and baseball coach until the Social Security checks started coming. He had stopped dreaming that Syracuse or Georgia Tech would call up and say, "Tom, we like your style." He had a comfortable house in a commonplace row of brick buildings on West Point's Bartlett Loop, with his name on a green board by the front door. Bonnie liked the prices at the PX. Tom had a cubicle in the coaches' office where he could pile junk on his own desk and squeeze in there himself, and if it wasn't perfect it was permanent.

Then came the April day when Dietzel packed up for South Carolina. Packed everything in carpetbags, they say at West Point, for his name is not magic there anymore. Among the things he packed and took were five assistant coaches. This was three days before the start of spring practice. The Army brass told Cahill to get some kind of practice going while a new coach was hunted.

Cahill rounded up 19 "assistants"—ex-Army players or guys who wished they had been, who were stationed at the Point and knew a football from a canteen cover. He also had Tad Schroeder, the chief recruiter, and another holdover assistant, Leon Cross. They went around introducing themselves to the Army players: "Hi, I'm Coach So-and-So, what position do you play?" They taught only fundamentals, because they had no idea what system the new coach would use.

Candidates for the head-coaching job were brought in to look the place over and be looked over. Bobby Dobbs, the Texas Western coach, was one. Gene Ellenson, a Florida assistant, and Pepper Rodgers, now head coach at Kansas, were others.

One of Cahill's duties was to show the candidates around. "All Tom cared about was that the academy get the best man for the job," says Bonnie Cahill, an ebullient, frosty-haired lady with four children and a fixed appreciation of her husband. "But the more I saw the more I realized that the best man for the job was my Tom." The best man for the job did not start thinking in those terms, however, until a visiting candidate chafed conversation one day with a question: "Say, Tom, what did you do with those terrific white shoes Army used for the Navy game?"

There are those at West Point who would have you believe it was Cahill's job all along. It was not, it was Bobby

Dobbs's. But Dobbs had contract time running and felt obliged to fulfill it. This was just as well for Army, which had heard plenty after sundering Paul Dietzel away from LSU with time left on his contract.

It is likely that Cahill won the Army players during those anxious, confusing, spring-practice days. He had known them all as plebes. "They called me the plebe mentor," he said, "spelled m-o-t-h-e-r. You mother them through when upperclassmen get them down. Beast Barracks. Dear John letters. You get to know plebes." He says a mutual feeling of inferiority grew to be a bond with the team. "Nobody seemed to want either of us."

Days went by. Weeks. Finally, three days before the conclusion of spring practice, the director of athletics came on the field and made a low-key announcement that Tom Cahill was the new head coach. He almost whispered out the news. People who were there said it sounded like an apology, but the players did not think so. A delegation of them had gone to the athletic director on Cahill's behalf, and they cheered the announcement. Cahill said all right, let's get back to work. The whole thing took about 90 seconds.

There probably never was a head coach who had a first year like Cahill's. He kept telling people to pinch him. "I'm dreaming," he said. He could not believe it was really Thomas Bernard Cahill, Niagara University '42, been nowhere and going nowhere, in the chair once occupied by Red Blaik. He did not think of himself as a great coach. "What is a great coach?" he said. "A great coach is somebody who has good assistants and is smart enough to let them coach." He hired good assistants and prepared to enjoy the pleasure for a season. He had a one-year contract and the vague promise of a future if he had a "successful" season. What is a successful season, he wanted to know. Going 10 and 0? Beating Navy? He did not press for an answer.

He reentered moving into Colonel Blaik's old office, the big one with the high-pile burnt-orange carpet and—so they say—the faint odor of genius. "Scares me, I guess," he said. Harriet Demarest, Blaik's ex-secretary, made it her business to get her new boss in there. "She moved me in gradually," says Cahill. "Letter by letter."

But Cahill did not move his family into Blaik's old house overlooking Michie Stadium until August, and even then he had Bonnie take her sweet time. "Each game we won that fall Bonnie opened another crate of dishes. She loved that house. Every week she found a new room." When Army upset Penn State 11-0, throwing 18 passes in the rain, Cahill told Bonnie to finish unpacking.

"What a bunch of green peas we were," he said. "We used to take crackers and cheese and something to drink for little parties in our room after the games. That was celebrating. We'd sit opposite one another on the twin beds, knees bumping together, and we'd get out the crackers and cheese."

"Then after the Rutgers game we were put up at the Waldorf Astoria. I told Bonnie to break out the cheese and crackers. There was a knock on the door, and the bellhop was there with a great big tray of bottles and fancy things to eat. I said, 'Son, you've got the wrong room.' He said, 'Aren't you Coach Cahill?' I said yes. He said, 'Then I've got the right room,' and he wheeled it in. Boy, I never even got a cold beer when I was plebe coach. I told Bonnie to throw away the cheese and crackers."

On the Tuesday before the 1966 Navy game, at 11 o'clock at night, 2,000 cadets swarmed over the lawn of the house Cahill still calls "Colonel Blaik's" and cheered his name. "Talk about chills," he said, "man, I had chills." That Saturday Army beat Navy 20-7 to complete its finest season (8-2) since Blaik's '58 team went undefeated. In December Cahill was voted Coach of the Year by the football writers, and in January his fellow coaches seconded the motion.

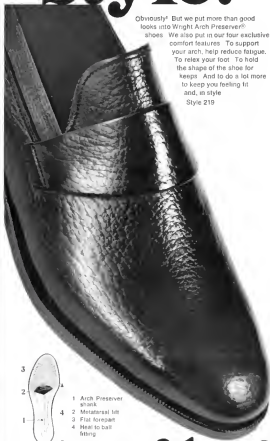
Cahill is a tall, big-shouldered Irishman with straight black hair, a Neolithic jaw and dark eyes set in large dark circles. He looks like a young Primo Carnera. He drinks too much coffee, he smokes too many cigarettes and he would rather choke than brag on himself. He says he was a three-sport letterman at Niagara because he had nervous feet and that his play as a big, slow end made such a hit that the school eventually gave up football. He says the thing he remembers most about Niagara was how the priests kept him out of trouble. Just before graduation he got caught coming through the window at 3 a.m. His punishment was to copy an entire book. He began at 9 p.m. and copied until 7

continued

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Buckle your seat belt. Remember the National Safety Council says 4 out of 5 automobile accidents happen within 25 miles of home.



a.m., and just before dawn he decided to check the title of the book. It was *Selecting a Mate in Marriage*.

He eventually made a good selection, and he and Bonnie settled down to being coach-and-wife at The Manlius School near Syracuse. He had strong teams and sent many fine players, including Bob Kyasky and Bill Carpenter, to West Point. Before long Earl Blaik had an eye on Cahill. "He was extremely able even then," says Blaik. "You could tell he was good with youngsters, and when we'd sit down to talk shop he talked an intelligent game." After eight years at Manlius and two at River Dell High in New Jersey, Cahill joined the Army staff in 1939.

Today the contrast between Cahill and other Army coaches seems doubly stark. Blaik was royalty at West Point, an aloof glamour figure as congruent to the academy as good posture. Dietzel was an interloper who could not rid himself of that mark. Cahill just goes along being what he already was: one of the gang. He drops around to chat with secretaries and clerks and to bum coffee, and he invites them up to watch films of Army's games. When they come, he will likely be the man at the projector.

The stories he tells are studies in reverse heroism. Early last season in a game with Stanford, Army punted from its 36-yard line though trailing 20-17 with less than five minutes to play. For the first time since he took the job, Cahill got booed. Really booed, by 31,500 people crammed into Michie Stadium. "That was some voice," he said. "Whew!" But shortly after the punt, Army's 150-pound halfback, Van Evans, ran back a Stanford kick into scoring position, and Army pulled the game out. A cheerleader with his eyes came up and apologized to Cahill, for himself and the corps, for ever doubting.

On Monday at the practice field Cahill listed five logical reasons for ordering the punt. A colonel said he was impressed. Had Cahill actually thought of all those things in that split second on the sidelines? "No," said Tom, raising his eyebrows. "I thought of them at the Officers' Club after the game."

West Pointers believe that Cahill wins where Dietzel could not because he comes closer to dealing with the cadets in the prescribed manner. "He speaks our language," All-America Linebacker Townsend Clarke once said. Trainer Ed

Pillings says that Cahill may not be fire and brimstone, but he is certainly not hot-chocolate breaks, either. At Camp Buckner, where practice begins in the fall, Cahill told one 220-pounder—they are rare at West Point—to pack it up because he was not ready to give his all. A couple of fun-lovers known as The Purple Clouds were sent back for not getting down to earth.

Though basically a kindly man, Cahill refuses to coddle. "A cadet is like any red-blooded American boy," he says. "You give him something, he'll take it. Don't, and he won't miss it." What Cahill started giving was scrimmages on Wednesday. What he took away was truck rides to the practice field—the team walks now—and he said if they wanted orange juice and a newspaper on Saturday morning on the road they could go down to the lobby and buy them. No more room service. A manager complained that the team had had to eat nearraw chicken one night at dinner. "Son," said Cahill, an ex-infantryman, "did you ever sit in the bottom of a trench with mud up to your eyeballs and nothing to eat but C rations?"

Cahill keeps the players loose. They loved it when he said before the 1966 Navy game, "I don't know how you slept last night but I slept like a baby. Apparently I'm so green at this game I'm not aware of the full impact of it."

In view of past breakdowns, it was easy to believe that 1966 was beginner's luck and that Army would be back struggling to stay above .500 in 1967. It did not happen. The 8-2 season was followed by another 8-2 season, though Army lost to Navy in its last game. Nor is there a significant breakdown in sight. Cahill is building on solid ground the academy way.

Around Colonel Blaik's old house these days there seems to be no wonderment at Cahill's success. Not so long ago 9-year-old Betsy Cahill wrote *The Coach of the Year Story*. She said, "Once there was a man who loved football. His name was Tom Cahill. He was a great man. He got many rewards. I think he loved the boys he coached. This man was my father. How do you like that?"

Of all people, it is Tom Cahill who seems to have shown that the service academies can have successful football programs under present-day conditions. And how do you like that? **END**



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# **IT'S VUKOVICH AGAINST BETTENHAUSEN —AGAIN**

by **KIM CHAPIN**

The sons of two of the most famous Indianapolis drivers are racing toward the Speedway, where their fathers died, to test themselves against the memories of yesterday and the realities of now



"SOMETIMES," SAID BILLY VUKOVICH, "I JUST WANT TO SCREAM

**A**t the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May is the cruellest month. The long weeks that precede the 500 give birth to a stagnant boredom relieved only occasionally by tension-peaks of excitement. It is a month of impending tragedy and bright balloons. The flat tedium goes on, gaveling funneled mixing with the crisp Midwestern spring, all for Memorial Day, when the heroes emerge. In a sport where fame is etched in quicksilver and death cold-chiseled in granite, the Indianapolis 500 has produced more than its share of legends in its 51-year history, and among the finest were Bill Vukovich, whose glory came in Victory Lane, and Tony Bettenhausen, whose fame was his unceasing quest of a 500 triumph. Both lived for the Speedway and for the hundreds of thousands who gathered to feel and smell 33 angry cars on a tight ribbon of bricks and asphalt, and both died there in character. Vukovich while leading the 500, Bettenhausen while test-driving a car to help a friend.

When the Speedway opens next week, a touch of nostalgia can be evoked on the part of those who remember the old names. Gary Bettenhausen, 26, the son of Tony Bettenhausen, and Billy Vukovich Jr., 24, the son of Bill Vukovich, will both be on the line.

It is not easy to follow in the footsteps of a successful and celebrated father, and it is especially difficult and dangerous in auto racing. There are so many who remember and already Gary and Billy have endured a thousand conversations that begin, "I knew your old man..." There are other young drivers on their way up who may eventually prove to be better. Bruce Walkup and Mike Mosley, for two—and other sons of former Indy drivers such as Johnny Parsons Jr. and Clark Templeman, but for better or worse this is the year when the sons of Tony Bettenhausen and Bill Vukovich are going on trial. This will be their first real shot at the big show, and while nobody expects them to win, or even can say positively that they will make the starting lineup, the ghosts will be there.

Since Bill Sr. and Tony were so close in age, Vukovich was a year older. It is not surprising that the two were good friends. During the months of May, Vukovich often visited the Bettenhausen soybean farm at Turkey Park, Ill. But their personalities were opposites. Vukovich, called The Mad Russian (although in fact he was Slovenian), was curt and iconoclastic when away from his family. Other drivers in the closely knit Indy clan were cool to him, if for no better reason than that after he became a success in the big cars he drove few races besides Indianapolis. Between 500s, he returned to his home in Fresno, Calif., operated a service station and trained and pointed for the Brickyard with all the diligence of a prizefighter. In 1952, in only his second 500, he was leading just nine laps from the finish when his steering gave out. The next two years he won handsily, and became a racing hero. In 1955 he came back to try for an unprecedented triple and before the race made a remark that has often been repeated, "Anybody can win this race. All these cars turn left. If you..." *continued*



"I HEARD BILLY HIT THE WALL..." SAID GARY BETTENHAUSEN

turn right, then you're in trouble."

On the 57th lap, after leading 50 of the first 56, he was forced to turn right because of a multiple-car accident ahead. He swerved to avoid the mess and went end over end and over the flimsy guard-rail to his death.

Back home in Fresno, Vukovich's only son, Billy Jr., 11 years old, was by the radio listening with his sister to a broadcast of the 500.

Tony Bettenhausen was perhaps the most popular Indy personality of his era. His two nicknames, Flip and Cement-head, were bestowed for obvious reasons—when he came to the Speedway in 1961 he had been upside down in a race 28 times by his own count. He had never won the 500 (he even took the national driving championship in 1958 without winning a race), but that wasn't from a lack of trying. The 1961 race would have been his 15th.

The day before qualifying, Tony's own car was ready to go. Paul Russo needed some help and asked Tony to take a few laps. He did, and on the main straight a 36-cotter pin in the steering system that had not been properly secured worked loose. The car veered into the outside retaining wall, climbed and sailed 130 yards landing upside down and burning on the spectator side of the wall. Bettenhausen was killed instantly.

In Tinley Park the phone call came half an hour before Valerie Bettenhausen and her two sons, Gary, then 19, and Merle, 16, were to leave for Indianapolis.

"I'll never forget that day," Gary said. "Dad always checked over his car carefully before he drove, and when he left for Indy, Mom stood in the doorway and said, 'Please promise me you won't get in anybody else's car.' Dad promised, but Paul had helped Dad around the farm the winter before. That's the only reason he jumped in. If he had checked it out, he would have seen the cotter pin hadn't been put in right. It's a wonder the steering didn't fail before it did. Five laps earlier or later and Paul would have been killed."

**T**he grandstands at the Rivergrade Speedway near Los Angeles have seats for 4,000, but only about 900 spectators are there, huddled at the end of the bleachers—in the cheap seats—against the slight chill of a late January afternoon. On the half-mile paved track

and in the pits a microcosm of Indianapolis activity is taking place. Little Offenhauser 110 racers, cut-down, mad-get versions of the old cars that once ran at the Brickyard when the Indianapolis Motor Speedway still had bricks, are skittering and darting like waterbugs through an afternoon of time trials, heats and feature racing, hunching a little in the middle of turns, left front wheels lifting clear off the ground as they come out of the corners before the brief burst of speed down the short straights.

The show is at once noisily appealing and full of corn, Indianapolis-West corn. Between heats, crews don't swarm over the cars as they do in Gasoline Alley—two or three men have a hard time swarming. The drivers themselves do what has to be done, change a fouled sparkplug or blow out a clogged fuel line or whatever. And when the winner of a 10-lap heat, a whole five miles of racing, receives his trophy, the announcer says, "He's a hot driver, folks. Let's see how he kisses the queen." And a few minutes later "Roger Smith, please call home. Your mother can't find the beer opener and, boy, is she mad."

But this is a very serious minor league for the big show—the Championship Trail and the Indianapolis 500—as are places like El Cajon, Du Quoin, Columbus and many other tracks. All the top U.S. Indy drivers went through this in the early days of their careers, and everybody who wants to make it big goes through it now.

Gold-leaf, dark blue No. 99. The driver has hazel eyes and red hair tending to curl, wears a red bandanna over his mouth and freckled nose, and he looks hard at a plastic-strip sign he has plastered on the dashboard next to the water temperature, oil pressure and tach dials. It says, LET IT ALL HANG OUT—BUT KEEP IT ON ITS WHEELS. Gary Bettenhausen.

Just behind him on this lap but ahead of him on the next is a canary-yellow car, No. 8. The driver has intense, narrow eyes and a dark angular face and he sits straight up, back straight, arms straight, wearing a black nylon jacket that is zipped tight to the neck. Billy Vukovich Jr.

After the race, in which Vukovich was second and Bettenhausen was fourth, they kid each other with thrusts like "You sure were slow today. Must

not have taken any brave pills."

"You know how people identify with cars," Vukovich says. "I just bought me a Dodge Charger 'cause I'm a charger."

Bettenhausen answers, "There's only one guy that charges more, and that's me."

**G**ary sits, very intense, in a bar in Redondo Beach, Calif. and sips on a beer. Phil Martinez, who is called the Wetback, is at the same table. He has been around and remembers the old names.

Gary, "If I get to be the greatest driver in the world, I won't stop racing. I'll never stop. How do you think my old man would have looked in a rocking chair?"

The Wetback "I think Tony would have looked pretty damned good. He would have made a fine grandfather."

Gary "Don't get me wrong. I wish he were here, today, now, but when he died he was the happiest man alive. He was doing what he wanted to do."

"People think that because I'm Tony's son and Billy is Bill's son we've got to have racing in our blood. That's bull. They're not in the cars, we are. It's not any easier being the son of Tony Bettenhausen, if anything it's harder, because everybody automatically thinks you've got to be good. I don't mind my father being brought up to me. Billy hates it, but I don't have that much pride yet. I shouldn't tell you this, but last week there was a reporter that wanted to talk to Billy and me. I went up to Billy and said, 'Are you ready to go see him?' He said, 'I'm not going, because all he'll want to talk about is my old man.' I told him, 'Billy, you're not worth a purple on your old man's backside yet.' He went in."

Later Billy Vukovich says, "I've found myself being rude and polite to the same people. They ask the same questions—Why did I get into this game? Am I a better driver than my father? Am I afraid? Well, I've heard them so many times, but I really haven't thought of a good answer. I think I understand why they ask. After all, my father was a great driver. I had a lot of respect for him, I was proud of his achievements, and I still am. But sometimes I want to get up and scream—shout—exactly what I feel. Then I remember the people who

PHIL MONTAGNA



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are asking me those questions want to be friendly, I dunno. I'd prefer not even talking about it.

"I know when I get to Indianapolis I'll be asked about my father. I'm nervous about it. People bother me anyway. I don't like strangers. I'll be talking to a guy, some race fan, and then I'll decide that's enough and I'll say, 'Gotta go, see you later.' That's the way I am."

It's a long way from Rivergrade, or anywhere else the midjets are racing this week, to Indianapolis, and a longer way from the little saved-off Offys to the sophisticated rear-engine cars that are now standard equipment on the Championship Trail. But if last year's records are any indication, both Gary and Billy are at least ready to try Indy.

In his first full year on the midjet circuit, Gary won five races in 36 starts, including a memorable victory in the coveted Turkey Day Grand Prix at Ascot Park, Calif. He got ahead of Mario Andretti and A. J. Foyt, then outdueled Bruce Walkup over the last frantic laps. His father had won the race eight years before. The victory gave him third place in the national point standings, behind four-time champion Mel Kenyon.

On a percentage basis, Vukovich's record was even better. He started only 16 races, but won 10 of them and finished eighth overall in the standings.

It was hardly a surprise that both sons chose racing, and, in fact, their lives are in some ways remarkably parallel: both were married in their teens, had an active disinterest in school and

have had a lifelong involvement in racing. As Gary said, "There was never any one time that I became aware that Dad was a driver. I just grew up surrounded by it."

Gary did have the advantage of Tony's counsel and knowledge, both considerable, until two years before he started racing, and thus received more positive direction than Billy.

"Tony kept a pretty tight rein on the family," Gary says. "Merle and I worked the farm when Dad was off racing. He'd give us a list of things to do—we were farming about 800 acres then—and, boy, they'd better be done when he got back."

Tony discouraged any hot-rodding, but occasionally during the winter, when the snow and ice turned the ground into an excellent skid pad, Gary and Merle got in the family cars and had a few informal races around the silos and other farm buildings.

It was a jubilant day when Tony got annoyed at the slowness of the farm's two tractors and outfitted them with racing camshafts, which, if nothing else, produced the fastest-plowed back 40 in northern Illinois.

When an old back injury of Tony's kicked up in 1958, Gary had an excellent excuse to drop out of high school midway through his senior year and work the farm. "I really didn't want to study anyway," Gary said. "I made A's in shop, art and phys. ed., but I couldn't see the value of studying English and history and all that if I was going to be a race driver."

He did so almost as soon as he turned 21, the minimum age for a United States Auto Club racing license. He had been married at 19, was about to be divorced and was preparing to marry for a second time (he has two sons, age 4, by his second wife) when, in November 1962, he and three friends, all employed by a local construction company, marched down to the local Chrysler agency and bought a 1963 Dodge right off the showroom floor. He fixed it up for racing pretty much by himself and earned USAC stock-car Rookie of the Year honors. In one race he finished second to A. J. Foyt. He was coming on.

In mid-1964, however, his sponsors became disenchanted and backed out, and Gary was forced to race whatever he could pick up. The next two years were shaky, but in 1967 he found Bob Nowacke, a car owner with considerable experience, and had his most successful season. He had tried championship cars briefly in 1966, but any hopes he might have had for instant stardom vanished when, at Atlanta, his car bottomed out and span beautifully right down the main straight. He hit a puddle of water at Milwaukee and not so gently brushed the wall, and—at Milwaukee again—a wheel broke under the caution light, of all things. So there were few big-car rides last year. But this year he has a car, and he's ready.

Parnelli Jones, who has become sort of the resident guru of racing on the West Coast, has been watching Gary and Billy and he says, "They're both

*continued*



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about the same way along. You've got to have determination. There isn't anybody around with more determination than Foyt, that's why he's so good, though there may be drivers around who are smoother. Right now I think Gary has got more determination than Billy. But you need wins to give you confidence. If you jump into anything and don't win, you start thinking maybe you're not as good as you are. That was Gary's problem. He'll get into anything, he shouldn't. I want my equipment to be at least the equal of anything else on the track. Then it's up to me to win the race.

"Billy's smarter in that respect. A cooler head. He's a little odd, though, just like his old man was. Not that I knew Vuky that well. He's not crazy or anything like that. But, you know—different."

(Billy repays the compliment. "I have a lot of respect for Parnelli, but he is set in his ways and I am halfway set in mine. We just don't hit it off. He has his own set of rules.")

If he wasn't completely cast adrift by his father's death, Billy's moorings were at least loosened considerably, and there developed a dark side of his soul that he either cannot talk about, won't talk about or doesn't recognize. In the eighth grade he was an above-average baseball player but he quit school abruptly in his sophomore year of high school.

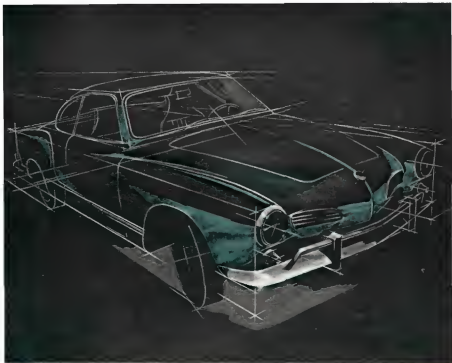
"I didn't do much studying," he said. "I don't know, I was just restless. I guess I spent most of the time getting in trouble. I don't mean real trouble. I could play pinball games all night and I was one of the best bull-dice shooters you ever saw, night and day."

"I don't know what was bugging me. I remember earlier, when I was about 13 or 14, I got a taste of driving. I'd steal my mother's '55 DeSoto and take it around the block. It was heavy. I felt power."

Mrs. Esther Vukovich, Billy's mother, said, "I remember one New Year's Eve, Billy asked if he could go down the street to be with his buddy. I told him to go ahead. At five minutes to 12 he telephoned and asked, 'Mom, are you alone?' I said I was and he said, 'I'll be right back.' Then he came home. I was really touched."

"My uncle liked kids," Billy continued. "No, no, he didn't take the place of my father. He wasn't—yeah, that's

ron hoad



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the word, patronizing—he just liked kids. He had a car, and we'd go near the school area on weekends when it was free of traffic and take that car from a dead stop up to 60, I guess it was a form of drag racing. Those were happy days."

Billy reluctantly went back to high school, graduated ("The day I got out was the best day in my life") and married his high school sweetheart that same summer.

"I was 18. We had the baby [Bill III, now 4] when I was 19, and I'll tell you, it wasn't easy. I just couldn't get interested in the baby. We were so young. I think I was scared of the baby. Then after about a year and a half I changed. I used to go out with the guys a lot, and suddenly I didn't want to meet with them so much. It was different at home. Now I like to take the boy with me, fishing and things."

In 1965 Billy got out of supermodified stock cars and into the mudguts and began to learn. Then came 1967 and his 10 feature wins in the little cars—and a contract to drive big cars for J. C. Agajanian, the garbage magnate who has been sponsoring race cars and promoting races for 21 years. Both Tony and Bill Sr. drove for him, and he has had two winners at the Speedway, Troy Ruttman in 1952 and Jones in 1963. "Both Troy and Parnelli won in their third year with me at the Speedway," he said. "I think Billy will, too."

Billy ran in 13 championship car races in 1967 for Agajanian, but in his first three—in the space of three weeks—he cost his sponsors something like \$10,000 in ripped sheet metal and twisted suspensions alone. At Indianapolis Raceway Park, a road course, he ran off the track in one practice session, got bumped in another and did not qualify. At Langhorne, Pa. a car spun in front of him but before he could squeeze through an opening he was hit from behind by Arnie Knepper, injuring his shoulder. At St. Jovite, he ran off a banked portion of the track, got airborne and came down on the hood of a station wagon. After the last mishap he stormed back to the pits and muttered, "My old man must have been crazy."

It was not a series that would ingratiate him to anybody, let alone to the man who was paying the bills. The next day he approached Aggie and snapped, "Am I gonna be your driver?"

*continued*



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## RACING TO INDY

Aggie suspected that Vukovich had been approached by another owner or that maybe he wanted out. "Why do you ask?" he said.

"How long you gonna put up with me?"

"As long as you like. Right now you owe me three wins."

Billy still owes Aggie three, but he did race consistently enough during the remainder of the 1967 season to finish 15th in points in the big cars—alive and still learning.

I don't think we would be as friendly as we are if it wasn't for our fathers," Gary said. "Bill Sr. and Dad were pretty close. They used to kid each other a lot—about us sometimes. 'My kid'll beat knobs on your head,' Tony would say, and then Bill would say, 'Yeah, and my kid eats nails for breakfast.'"

They met at the Speedway, two youngsters romping around Gasoline Alley and picking on each other. Their relationship hasn't changed much. At a midget race in Phoenix last season the two had a hot duel for the lead and on the last lap Gary, driving without brakes, got inside Billy on the No. 3 turn. Whump. Of a sudden, Billy was headed for the wall and Gary for the checkered flag.

"When I bumped him," Gary said, "I had all sorts of visions of him upside down. I heard him hit and heard the engine rev up when the wheels left the ground. I came into the pits and his crew started accusing me of pushing him off the track. I said I apologize if I did anything I shouldn't have, which I didn't feel I'd done. Next thing I knew I felt this hand slam me on the helmet. It was Billy. I was never so glad to see anybody in my life, but boy was he mad. We had a few words and he stomped off."

"Billy's got a lot of growing up to do. He's funny. Sometimes I think he's my worst enemy and the next day he'll go out of his way to say something to me. The day after the Phoenix race he came up and apologized. I was shocked out of my mind. His old man never would have done something like that."

"It's getting so we're more concerned with beating each other than anybody else. That's all right if we're running one-two, and the last few times we've run we've been one-two. I guess things like Phoenix will happen again. I guess they're bound to until we die."

END

# Ask Bob Goalby.



On Easter Sunday, Bob Goalby won the big one, the Masters golf tournament in Augusta, Georgia. It was one of the most exciting and controversial matches in the history of the game. Bob played Spalding clubs. And his ball, as always, was the Spalding Dot.

Why the Dot? Ask him. Walk right up to Bob next time you see him and ask him why he plays the Spalding Dot.

He'll tell you about the extra edge of confidence he gets with the Dot, the professional edge.

It's no coincidence that the winners in six of this year's tournaments so far played the Dot.

And the season's just begun.

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**The Spalding Dot.  
Ask the man who drives one.**

The National Art Museum of Sport in the new Madison Square Garden has just opened, to the welcoming cries of practically nobody, and perhaps the loudest and least welcoming cry was that of *New York Times* Art Critic John Canaday. His review of the museum's own collection appeared not in the art section but in the sports pages of the *Times*, and he adjudged it "pretty awful. As a matter of fact, it's godawful." His kindest words were for the work of **Rhoda Sherbell** (below), a sculpture of **Casey Stengel**, which he approved as appropriately "good, plain, honest anonymity stuff." So is Miss Sherbell. A robust blonde, at the museum's opening she introduced herself heartily as "Rhoda Sherbell natch!" Leaning against Casey, she cracked off a baseball glued to his foot and observed ruefully, "My biggest problem with this statue is that the baseballs are

continually stolen by Casey's fans." Asked why she didn't make a baseball a permanent part of the statue instead of just attaching it, she said, "They'd destroy my work." Natch.

The baseball season has opened with what may be a record number of hit batters—last week two Indians and two Red Sox were hit in one game—and if the major leagues really want to play this way they ought to consider hiring a couple of girls we know. One is **Penelope Tree**, the 18-year-old socialite-model, the other, French Actress **Catherine Deneuve**. Miss Tree has announced that she is in love: "I thought I'd been in love before, but I know now I hadn't," she says, and the object of this true affection is English Photographer **David Bailey**, for whom there is the matter of a divorce from Actress Deneuve. He intends to take care of this because, as he says, "It's finished. Catherine once threw a plate of spaghetti in my face." But, "I once threw a quiche Lorraine at Warren Beatty," says Miss Tree. We assume that Bailey contemplates this switch because he prefers quiche Lorraine to spaghetti. Either one sounds better than Spalding de love.

A maroon Aston Martin prototype, the only one of its kind because it never did go into production, recently sold for \$20,680. It was purchased by English model **Twiggy**, who says, "I love it because it's the only one like it in the world," and that is a very sensible reason for Twiggy to offer. The car is capable of speeds up to 170 mph, but Twiggy can't drive.

**Karim Aga Khan** was en route from Heiligenblut, the ski resort, to Salzburg by helicopter recently when he saw a party of three skiers waving desperately from



the slopes of Sonnblick Mountain. Karim had the pilot land. "I had a funny feeling about us getting down there on that steep slope," a companion of Karim's, Hans Singer, recalls, "but the pilot made it within 20 feet of the group." One skier proved badly injured and Karim, remaining with him, sent the helicopter back to Heiligenblut to unload all baggage. When it returned, the Aga Khan transported the injured man to the nearest hospital, completing a very modern and effective Operation Good Samaritan.

Keeping fit is a problem for general officers who have risen above field commands, and many of them solve it by playing tennis. One such is **General William Westmoreland** (above), who has managed to play twice a week through most of the Vietnam campaign. Smashing the old tennis ball around in Hawaii recently he observed, "When I'm on the court everything goes out of my mind but

tennis. I concentrate only on one thing, winning—if my skill matched my enthusiasm I could be a good player."

Diogenes would have been pleased with ex-Buc **Pacher Bob Friend**, but a couple of his contemporaries are not. Friend, now Allegheny County Controller, proved himself a thoroughly honest man when he turned up to take part in Opening Day ceremonies at Forbes Field and conscientiously docked himself half a day's pay. Friend has done this before. On one occasion he and his solicitor, **James McGreggor**, took off for a golf tournament and upon his return Friend backed two full days' pay from his check, and Solicitor McGreggor did the same. For the opener at Forbes Field, however, a couple of Friend's colleagues declared themselves off that particular bandwagon. Democratic County Commissioner **Thomas Foerster** and Republican Commissioner **William Hunt** said they had no intentions of docking themselves. Foerster pointed out that he put in a lot of overtime at his job, and consequently, "I think I'm entitled to an occasional liberty of this sort."

**Leo Durocher**, Cubs manager, is suing the Aarnoe Transmissions Co., Actress **Zsa Zsa Gabor** and 298 other defendants. In 1966 Leo taped a commercial for Aarnoe. Throughout 1967 he sat around and listened while Aarnoe continued to play it "without my permission," which is to say, "without a new contract." The sum Leo asks is reported to be \$1,000,000, though he says, "I wouldn't know how much. You'll have to ask my lawyer." He is mad, though. The suit is reported to charge invasion of privacy and "considerable aggravation," and anybody who aggravates Durocher can expect to hear about it.



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## BOSTONIAN

(Featured) #E282; (Lower left) #E518; (Lower right) #E378, in Burnished Bronze. Most Bostonians \$19.95 to \$40.00. Authentic moccasins from \$19.95 (slightly higher in West). Also available in Canada. Write for name of nearest dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Woburn, Mass.



## Spring dose of vitamin D for sailors

**A**s any icebound sailor in mid-February what he considers the best imaginable spring tonic, and 10 to 1 he'll tell you Bermuda International Race Week. This May Day dose of sea-borne vitamin D, the sunlit essence of which radiates from Artist Edward Kasper's paintings on these pages, has been the recommended pick-me-up for frost-bitten sailors from Boothbay, Me. to Cowes, England for half a century.

A local regatta, not to be confused with the biennial ocean race from Newport, R.I. to Hamilton, Race Week is an annual event devoted strictly to the small-boat sailor, the diehard who gets his kicks in short but merciless round-the-buoys competition.

Held each year on or around May 1 by the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club—a gracious institution with an antediluvian air—the regatta is open to five classes on an invitational basis, although just about anyone with a boat can have himself invited.

This year the fleet will include three centerboard classes—the walnut-size Finn monotypes, International-14 dinghies and the sporty 5-0-5s—and two keelboat classes: the I.O.D.'s and the graceful 29-foot Dragons shown on these pages. The Dragons, many of which are locally owned, are likely to be manned by Bermuda's finest sailors, who are blithely free of worry about how to get their racing craft from, say, New York to Hamilton.

The shipping problem can be a blessing for vacationing skippers, however. Many load their boats and themselves on the big Cunarder S.S. *Franconia* and thus get the additional fun of 36 hours at sea aboard a luxury liner as it drops the drags of winter astern and picks up summer just beyond the Gulf Stream.

A few boats arrive at Hamilton months in advance. These are the ones owned by sailors rich enough to commute to Bermuda during the winter for weekend practice. Less affluent competitors may economize on both freight and food, thanks to special shipping rates and the open doors of Bermudian hosts who sometimes house three and four visiting crews at a clip.

Once racing starts, an armada of 75 or more boats will slide out each day to the often-whitecapped Great Sound, invariably an ardent battlefield. But after the final gun, sun hats and zinc oxide come off, squishy Top-Siders are shucked and sodden clothes are hung out to dry as the racing sailors wriggle into respectable jackets and ties for parties that form as much a part of the Race Week scene as the sailing.

Prizes for the various events ring with the names of royalty, British and Bermudian. There is the King Edward VII Gold Cup for match racing aboard International One Designs, the Amorita Vase for International team racing, the Princess Elizabeth Trophy for International 14s and the Brownlow Eve and Kenneth F. Trinningham trophies for Dragon championships.

While skippers and crews hunt for their own brand of bargain silverware, their wives, who understandably regard Race Week with affection, do some searching for different trophies: cashmere sweaters, British tweeds, china or any of a hundred prizes to be found arrayed in tempting displays along Hamilton's Front Street. The more athletic sailing widows rent bicycles or head for the tennis courts. Some simply pillow themselves in beach sand, stirring only when the dipping sun signals races' end and party time. Says Frances Walker, the wife of internationally famous sailor Dr. Stuart Walker and an attendant at Race Week for years, "We gals love every minute of it down there. It's much nicer when you go to Bermuda as part of the sailing fraternity. You stay with friends and, because you're sailing people, there's an entrée tourists don't often have. Besides, you know, there's that beautiful weather."

END



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## Another Dancer for the Derby

**Stepping up in public esteem, Dancer's Image won the Wood the way a classics-bred colt should**

There is no point in trying to kid ourselves that this is a vintage year for 3-year-olds. Still, one of these critics is going to win the 94th Kentucky Derby next week. And three races—in New York, Kentucky and California—have now shed some light on prospects for the Derby field. In a way they tell us more about which horses do not belong at Churchill Downs, but at least that narrows the choices.

First, on Friday of last week at Keeneland, Captain Harry F. Guggenheim's Captain's Gig won his second straight race of the season, a seven-furlong affair known as the Forerunner Purse (\$10,000). Twenty-four hours later at Aqueduct, Peter Fuller's Dancer's Image ran off with the 44th Wood Memorial, beating Iron Ruler by three-quarters of a length. Both races were run in fast time over fast tracks, but this has little to do with how any of these three colts can be expected to fare carrying the Derby weight of 126 pounds over a grueling mile and a quarter.

What marred the mile-and-an-eighth Wood was the last-minute withdrawal of Isidor Bieber's Wise Exchange, one of the few colts around who really does have the look of a distance horse. On race day Wise Exchange, finally recovered from his shin troubles, came up with a little puffiness behind and under his right front ankle. "I probably could have run him," said Trainer Hersch Jacobs, "but I didn't feel like taking the chance and then worrying if I had done the right thing. Now we'll give him a few days and if he's O.K., we'll ship to Kentucky for the Derby Trial."

I suppose that if I owned Wise Exchange and had Hersch Jacobs training him for me I'd want very much to give him a shot at the Derby. But if I had to pay transportation bills and starting fees for any of the runners in the 11-horse Wood field I'd lock all but Dancer's Image and Iron Ruler in the barn. These two deserve the trip, undoubtedly will make it and would appear to have as good a chance as anyone in the Derby. And that includes Proper Proof and Don B., who finished one, two in last week's California Derby.

Salerno, with Braulio Baeza up, set the early pace in the Wood, but he was trying to get out all the way up the back-

stretch. When he finally bolted and then quit running almost entirely around the far turn, it meant that Angel Cordero Jr. and Iron Ruler were prematurely forced into taking over. Turning for home, Iron Ruler was on his way to a four-length lead—an all but sure winner. But now Dancer's Image got into the act. He had lagged in eighth place after the start, but Jockey Bobby Ussery wove his way carefully between horses on the final turn and suddenly came after the leader. Dancer's Image nailed his target just inside the 16th pole. The most encouraging aspect of his performance, aside from the final time of 1:49, was that he was drawing away strongly at the finish. Iron Ruler had seven lengths on third-place Verbatim, and the other six were strung out over

16 lengths. None of them want any part of the Derby's 10 furlongs.

Dancer's Image is by Native Dancer and so comes naturally by his classic potential. Owner Fuller, son of former Massachusetts Governor Alvan T. Fuller, came out of the Wood with his usual optimistic grin. Ussery, who also has a confident streak, said, "The farther Dancer's Image goes, the more he separates himself from horses like these."

You can't compare the Wood to the Forerunner, but at Keeneland Captain's Gig looked a winner throughout. He covered the seven furlongs in a good 1:22½ and worked out the mile in 1:35. "Impressive as his race was," said Captain Guggenheim, "seven-eighths is a long way from a mile and a quarter, and none of us knows if he is capable of it. Captain's Gig is not a big robust type—like Forward Pass, for example—but if he has anything over some others it is the advantage of being fresh. He's only had two races this year, one at six furlongs and one at seven."

Three days later that advantage was evaporating. Captain's Gig was walking so hesitantly around his barn at Churchill Downs that his Derby candidacy became highly questionable. X rays were being taken, but Guggenheim, Trainer Bill Stephens and Jockey Manuel Ycaza know very well that any training time lost during these last few days before the Derby is irreplaceable. That's because there is little or no time left.

END



AFTER CATCHING IRON RULER IN THE STRETCH, DANCER'S IMAGE FINISHED STRONGLY

## Five homers in Dallas

The first thing you notice about Willie Ludick are the eyes. They are big and soft and brown, and they are buried deep between high cheekbones and dark, heavy brows. Willie's eyes had never been so big as they were in the days before he fought champion Curtis Cokes for the welterweight title in Dallas last week, for Ludick is from South Africa, where they do not drive around in big shiny Cadillacs and say, "Ha yew, Willie." Willie even got to ride in a Cadillac and a Lincoln Continental.

But now it is the fifth round against

Curtis Cokes, and you cannot see Willie's eyes anymore. Blood streaming from cuts above and below his right eyebrow and from a gash along the side of his nose has transformed Ludick's eyes into twin craters of dark red.

"He couldn't even see me," Cokes said after he scored a technical knockout at 34 seconds of the fifth round. "The very first right hand I threw busted open his nose. That showed me he was a bleeder, and I set about cutting him up a little."

Curtis Cokes does not particularly enjoy the sight of blood. He says he gets sick every time one of his four small children cuts a finger, but in the ring Cokes is as skillful a surgeon as you will find. Boxers used to duck Curtis Cokes, because he put them on the shelf for so long, win or lose. But now Cokes is the welterweight champion, and anybody up to 147 pounds who wants his title will have to fight him for it.

Willie Ludick was such a man. A 26-year-old steelworker who still labors in a mill south of Johannesburg, Ludick

came to Dallas hailed as some kind of South African Joe Louis, Willie Pep and Sugar Ray—all stuffed into a white skin. David Levin, a short, chubby millionaire from Johannesburg, had underwritten Ludick's career from the start, put up the \$50,000 guarantee Cokes wanted for defending his title and even brought the famous Angelo Dundee from Miami Beach to be in Ludick's corner. This was for the "real" welterweight championship of the world, Levin said, for the WBA had no business declaring Cokes champion in the first place since he had not fought Ludick, a contender for the welterweight and middleweight championships of Europe. Levin said Cokes could have a rematch in Rhodesia, since blacks cannot compete with whites in South Africa.

"Willie is a very nice fellow," said Cokes, a small, tidy man of 30 who wears a mustache. "But, really, there will be no need for a rematch. I am going to win. The fact that he is white and happens to come from South Africa means nothing to me. Tonight we will fight, but afterward I'm sure we'll be friends."

Cokes is a thoughtful man, and he picks his words with care. His face bears a strong resemblance to Zora Folley's, but the body below it is more like that of Maury Wills. There was a time, years ago, when he wanted to play professional baseball, but he failed in a tryout with the Dodgers.

So Cokes graduated from Booker T. Washington High School in Dallas and started fighting "strictly for the money." He quit three times for various reasons and probably would have given up altogether if Emile Griffith had not vacated the welterweight title to become a middleweight in 1966. Cokes then won the championship by beating Luis Rodriguez and Manny Gonzalez.

Boxing has not made Cokes a rich man. He is a partner in a steak house that will open soon, but that is all he has. "I realize," he says, "that if I am ever to enjoy the easy life it must come through boxing."

On the day of the fight Cokes sat in the den of his modest home on a tree-lined street in a predominantly Negro section of South Dallas. The shelves were filled with trophies and the walls with pictures. No picture, however, showed Cokes cut or bleeding. "In 12 years of boxing I've never been cut," he said. "I



A FINAL RIGHT BY CHAMPION CURTIS COOKES PUTS THE CRUSHER ON WILLIE LUDICK

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#### BOXING *continued*

do not like to get hit, and I'm sure that has hurt my appeal as a fighter. People come out to see the sluggers. But those who criticize me don't have to step in the ring and get hit. I want to win as badly as anyone, but it's just important to me that I protect myself. When I'm through fighting I don't want my children to be ashamed of how I look."

Cokes didn't always think this way. He started out as a slugger, but when Sammy Williams knocked him out in 1958 (his first loss) he became a counterpuncher almost overnight. He has since become one of the best—if not the best anywhere. A growing cotene of followers is beginning to enjoy his style almost as much as the helpless state in which he leaves his opponents.

"It is difficult to see the blows that do that to a man," Cokes said. "It always happens so fast. When he throws a left I wait until the arm and glove are extended and he begins to draw it back. For a split second he is relaxed, almost defenseless, and that is when I go over his left with my right. When the blow is timed perfectly it's like hitting a cushion. In fact, it's a lot like hitting a home run—the ball just takes off, even though you hardly feel it touch your bat."

Against Willie Ludick, Cokes expected a rough, crude fight. While he respected Ludick, he was not awed by his build-up. He expected his bigger, stronger opponent to bully him and hurt him along the ropes. So Cokes planned to hold back the first few rounds, figure out Ludick's southpaw style and then go to work with his right hand (which broke a sparring partner's rib a week before).

The promotion, handled by Dallas theater owner Norm Levinson, was not at all in the tradition of Big D. It came off smoothly. It was a far cry from the "Cokes-Gypsy Joe Harris fiasco of a year ago, when Harris failed to show up the day of the fight and fans who had paid \$8,000 to see the match never got their money back.

Price-Roberts Productions, Inc. carried the fight on home television in 30 cities, and this, too, was refreshing, since such operations had usually been monopolized by Madison Square Garden.

When Cokes and Ludick entered the ring there were 6,000 spectators in the Dallas Memorial Auditorium. Twenty million more were watching on television. They saw a Curtis Cokes nobody had ever seen before—and the purses

to come after Cokes's good show should turn his career around completely.

At the bell Ludick charged, as expected, and ran smack into a stiff right hand that immediately drew blood from his nose. Cokes won the round by scoring repeatedly with those same right hands. In the second round Cokes, his face expressionless, opened the cuts about Ludick's right eye. As the fight wore on, more steady rights, shooting straight into Ludick's face, widened the cuts into gashes, smearing blood over both fighters. Cokes was in control in the third and fourth rounds. Shortly after the fifth began it was all over.

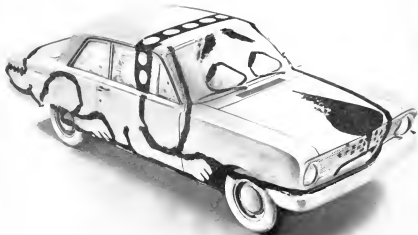
Ten seconds into that last round the fighters met in the center of the ring. Cokes scored with a left hook to Ludick's head and followed with a right uppercut to the jaw. Ludick, dazed, dropped his guard. Cokes shot two straight rights and another right uppercut into Ludick's face, and the challenger toppled over backward and crashed to the floor. He somehow struggled to his feet to take the mandatory eight count, but his eyes were glazed and rolling back in his head. Then, stupidly, Referee Lew Eskin waved Cokes in again. Ten seconds and what seemed like 85 blows later Cokes made Eskin stop it.

Ludick, smiling through puffed, bloody lips, congratulated Cokes and asked if he might have his gloves. Cokes said he had to keep them—for the den.

"Willie tried," said Dundee. "He gave it the good college try. But Cokes is a good fighter. He always was good, but he has become twice the fighter since he became champion. You can tell just the way he steps into the ring. Willie gave him a few shots that would have decked lesser men, but Curtis is a champion now."

Cokes, sitting on a table in his dressing room, was drinking orange juice from a quart bottle. "He made me fight harder than I wanted to in the first rounds," he said. "I had to be careful because he can hit. And he was always on top of me. I had to beat him off to set up to punch. He's a good boy, a very game boy."

They were polite comments, the kind champions can afford to make. Then somebody asked Cokes how many home runs he hit that night. Cokes smiled, took a swig from the orange-juice bottle and said, "Oh, 'bout five." **END**



## Do you sometimes get the feeling they named your car after the wrong animal?

Aha!

So you've begun to discover the true nature of your beast.

So have a lot of other people. And you know what they've been doing? They've been trading them in on Volvos.

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**The Hard-to-Handle-Animal Problem.** The Volvo suspension is soft, without being sloppy. The steering is quick. Volvo handles more like a sports car than a roomy family sedan.

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**The Noise-of-the-Animal Problem.** The Volvo body is held together with over 8,000 spot welds. It's solid. And if it isn't rattle-proof, it certainly isn't rattle-prone.

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As you can see, Volvo has little in com-

mon with any animal you're likely to meet up with.

Instead of costing you a fortune, it can save you one.

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And if your friends ask why you no longer drive an animal, tell them you do.

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REMEMBERING ROBERTO, JANUARY DID A DEEP THINK BEFORE SIGNING HIS CARD

## A sick man gets a quick cure

**Don January's stomach failed him in Las Vegas, but his victory in the Tournament of Champions and a \$30,000 check were a perfect tonic**

**T**he Masters is always a tough act to follow, whether scorecards are being glanced at or not, so perhaps the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas has been the only one that ever ought to try. Somehow it manages to survive this particular week every year, when the pros are generally suffering an emotional unwinding from Georgia, and the reason is obvious. A golf tournament in Las Vegas is pretty much a secret around town, just something for people to think about between Alka-Seltzers, or putting on the blonde wig or the white turtle-neck, or listening to the rumor that Howard Hughes is alive and living underneath Lake Mead, or trying to keep from hearing all those Korean girls play the trombones again.

For most of the pros in Vegas, the mind usually goes first, closely followed by the stance and the grip. If a casino doesn't do it, a fiancé will, or too many

Buddy Hackett jokes. Last week for winner Don January, curiously enough, it was the stomach. He will never know whether it was the teriyaki or the pork-fried rice or whatever, but the stomach went. He struggled through the tournament with a case of what he called "the stand-ups, the bend-overs and the sit-downs," so, naturally in a sick man's town, a sick man won.

January managed to survive both his ailment and the letdown from the Masters because he is in a streak of smooth swinging and unbelievably good luck. A far more impressive statistic than the eight-under 276 that he shot to win the Tournament of Champions is the fact that in the course of it he holed out another shot from a point off the green, making a total of 11 put-ins in his last four tournaments. And that, of course, is absurd.

January came to Vegas with a lot of confidence. He had played well at Au-

gusta, and felt that he might have won if he had been able to drive better instead of fighting, in his words, "those funky little drihhles or blocked-out slices." He did drive consistently well at Vegas on the Stardust Golf Club course, a layout with all the natural beauty of a trailer camp but one with some tightness and a premium on accuracy. And he continued to hit the crisp irons that he always hits with his upright, almost slow-motion swing.

He began the last round one shot back of leader Bob Goalby, the Masters champion, who obviously came into the tournament with the same kind of confidence January had. "I've got timing and rhythm going for the right now," Goalby had said, "and maybe something to prove." But January paved Goalby's quickly on the first nine with two birdies, and it was only a matter of his liding on. Goalby played well but the points that had been falling for him at Augusta and through three rounds in Las Vegas suddenly refused to drop, and he was soon too far behind to catch up. Goalby tied for fourth, which he figured wasn't bad for a man still in the clouds from Augusta. As it turned out, Julius Boros made the best run at January with a closing 66, just missing a tie when an eagle putt on the 18th stayed an inch away from the cup. A tie might have been interesting, but one of them probably would have signed his card wrong or January would have chipped in.

The pros always arrive in Las Vegas with mixed emotions about the Tournament of Champions. On the one hand, they are happy to be among the chosen few, to wear the gold blazers of a tour winner as they wander through the casino, to hang around with a lot of swell celebrities, who ranged last week from Allen and Rossi to Toots Shor, if that is a range, and generally to be able to relax and make a guaranteed \$2,000 for just staying alive for four days. At the same time they always feel a little guilty that this championship, with its brilliant format, is staged in such a wonderfully sinful town.

Not only do the crank and clack of the casino furnish an inescapable background noise for everyone and not only has Vegas long since proved itself to be the world capital for various modes of undress, but the competitors also feel edgy because people can bet on them openly at a variety of places. At any of

Several bookie shops, one of the most notable being at the Pussycat A-Go Go, which becomes what it sounds like in the evenings; you can bet man against man in every daily pairing with appropriate odds, and you can bet against changing odds on who will eventually win the championship. For example, Bob Goalby opened at 12 to 1 before Thursday's first round, went to 8 to 1 when he trailed the first-round leaders by two strokes, moved to 6 to 1 after 36 holes and dropped to 6 to 5 on Sunday.

"I really hate this part of it," said Tom Weiskopf, the tour's leading money winner and a young man who drew a lot of attention in Vegas because of his early success this year and because the absence of Palmer and Nicklaus left few top stars in the field. "It really bothers me to have guys coming up and saying, 'Hey, I got tips on you today.' I don't like picking up the paper and reading that I'm 9 to 5 to beat the fellow I'm paired with. I just don't particularly like the town. I wish the tournament was held in the Midwest somewhere."

Although it was for a championship offering \$150,000 in prize money and a first-place purse of \$30,000, \$10,000 more than the Masters, the tournament lacked class, primarily because of the Stardust Golf Club course where it was

played. Also detracting from the tournament was a glowing absence of spectators, just a few thousand guys in white loafers and women in orange hair. If you could have turned the casino at Caesar's Palace upside down at midday on Saturday, more people would have fallen out than were at the Stardust.

Defending champion Frank Beard couldn't quite describe what exactly is wrong with the tournament, but he tried to one afternoon as he relaxed in one of the eight million bars in the Stardust Hotel lobby. This is the greatest idea for a tournament in the world," he said. "It always has been. And if it were played at the end of the year, in December, for example, and were expanded to include a lot of other champions, British Open and so forth, I think it would be an instant classic. But I don't suppose there's a chance that'll ever happen. And as much fun as this town can be, the very fact that there's gambling here and temptations not to train detract from the golf and reflect on the quality of the tournament. It's too bad. This is a town that you like a lot and hate a lot at the same time."

The tournament first earned its fame because of all of those pictures of the late Wilbur Clark holding up some of the 10,000 silver dollars that went to the winner back in the 1950s—big deal then—and because of Gene Linder's three straight victories when Singer Frankel Lane owned him in what used to be a whopping calcutta pool. It prospered later when Palmer and Nicklaus put their names on the trophy a few times. That always helps.

Last year, however, it had to move from the Devere Inn, a quality course and a classy, long-established (by Vegas standards) hotel. It wasn't moved as many people thought, because Howard Hughes bought the D-I and threw it out. It was moved because Hughes's purchase of the hotel didn't include the rights to the tournament. They belonged to the owners of the Stardust. Now Hughes is buying the Stardust—at least he is if the deal is approved—which will make six points in all for him. Presumably this means that Hughes could keep the tournament at the Stardust, return it to the Desert Inn or even move it out of town if he wanted. If he did, chances are it would take Las Vegas at least five years to notice that anything was missing.

END

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# THE MAN WHO LIVED TWO LIVES IN ONE



**BY ROBERT H. BOYLE**

Although Zane Grey accomplished more than most men, his years passed too quickly. As it was, he lived two full lives—one for his writing and one for his fishing—and he was extraordinarily successful at both. For years the sale of his books was surpassed only by the Holy Bible and McGuffey Readers, and his earnings allowed him to fish the waters of the world, where he set many records. Today, almost 30 years after his death at age 67, his books still sell and two of his fishing records have never been beaten





CONTINUED

There never has been anyone quite like Zane Grey. Famed as the author of *Riders of the Purple Sage* and 57 other Westerns tinged with purple prose, Grey ranks as the greatest best-selling novelist of his time. For years the total sales of his books fell behind only the Holy Bible and McGuffey Readers. At his death in 1939 his novels had sold more than 15 million copies in the U.S. alone, and they are still selling at the rate of 750,000 to a million books a year. Magazines paid Grey as much as \$85,000 for the serial rights to a single work, and Hollywood transferred epic after epic to the silver screen. Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Warner Baxter, Warner Oland, Richard Arlen, Richard Dix, Randolph Scott, Wallace Beery, Roscoe

Karins, Harry Carey, William Powell, Jack Holt, Jack La Rue, Billie Dove, Lili Damita, Fay Wray, Jean Arthur and Buster Crabbe are among the stars who got their start in Zane Grey movies.

On film or in print Grey's Westerns enthralled the public. The books were stilted, awkward and stuffed with painful dialogue ("If you think I'm wonderful and if I think you're wonderful... it's all really very wonderful, isn't it?"), but they throbbled with the pulse of a true storyteller and the fervor of a moralist who made certain that virtue triumphed over evil on the range. "Never lay down your pen, Zane Grey," John Wanamaker, the white-haired merchant prince, once advised, putting a friendly hand on the novelist's shoulder. "I have given away thousands of your books and have sold hundreds of thousands. You are distinctively and genuinely American. You have borrowed none of the decadence of foreign writers. The good you are doing is incalculable."

Grey received acclaim and money (and some critical brickbats) for his writings, but in another field his distinction was almost beyond compare—he was one of the finest fishermen the world has known. In the words of Ed Zern, who edited the anthology *Zane Grey's Adventures in Fishing*, "It is reasonable to assume that no one will ever challenge his right to be known as the greatest fisherman America has ever produced." It has been said that the dream of many American males is to have \$1 million and go fishing. "Well," writes Zern, "Zane Grey had \$1 million, and he really went fishing." Grey is the classic case of the compulsive angler. He was truly obsessed by fish. "Not many anglers, perhaps, care for the beauty of a fish," Grey wrote in *Tales of Fishes*, one of his eight books on angling, "but I do." He could rhapsodize on the beauty of a huge tuna that "blazed like the sword of Achilles" or marvel over the shimmering colors of a dolphin, only then to feel a pang because the dolphin was dying and he, Grey, was "the cause of the death of so beautiful a thing." The leaping of fish absolutely fascinated him, and even fish fins and fishtails had what he called, with a flourish, "a compelling power to thrill and excite me."

From black bass to blue marlin, Grey pursued fish the world over with unmatched avidity. He explored and established new fishing grounds and techniques in Florida, California, Nova Scotia, New Zealand and Australia. He took great delight in fishing where no one had ever fished before, and his sense of anticipation was so keen that even arranging tackle for a trip gave him exquisite pleasure. He was the first man to catch a fish weighing more

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In 1935 Zane Grey posed with a 1,036-pound tiger shark—at that time a world record—which he took off Sydney Heads, Australia

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than 1,000 pounds on rod and reel. In his day he held nine world records: 582-pound broadbill swordfish; 171-pound Pacific sailfin; 758-pound bluefin tuna; 318-pound yellowfin tuna; 1,040-pound striped marlin; 1,036-pound tiger shark; 618-pound silver marlin; 111-pound yellowtail; and a 63-pound dolphin. The records for the yellowtail and the yellowfin tuna have not been beaten since the International Game Fish Association began keeping records in 1938. Grey was held in such high regard that the Pacific sailfin was named for him, *Alopius greyi*. Hardy's in England manufactured a Zane Grey reel, while in the U.S. there was a Zane Grey bass jug, a Zane Grey steel-head fly and a Zane Grey teaser.

Grey had his bad days fishing—he once passed 88 days without a strike—but he remained enthusiastic. "The enchantment never palls," he wrote. "Years on and I have been trying to tell why, but that has been futile. Fishing is like Jason's quest for the Golden Fleece. Something evermore is about to happen." When something did, Grey wrote about it exuberantly. If he made an unusual catch he would wire *The New York Times*. There were some critics who thought him guilty of exaggeration. A friend, Robert H. Davis, the editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, wrote Grey, "If you went out with a mosquito-net to catch a mess of minnows your story would read like Roman gladiators seizing the Tigris for whales." Davis added, "You say, 'the hard, diving fight of a tuna liberates the brute instinct in a man.' Well, Zane, it also liberates the qualities of a liar." Grey cheerfully reported these comments himself in *Tales of Fishes*. Such criticisms did not bother him. But he was vexed and angered when his sportsmanship was called into question, as it was on a couple of occasions.

Zane Grey's passion for fishing, which, by his own admission, grew stronger through the years, started in his childhood. "Ever since I was a little tad I have loved to chase things in the water," he wrote. He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, on January 31, 1872. His Christian name was actually Pearl, and the family name was spelled Gray. After college he dropped Pearl in favor of his middle name of Zane, and he changed the spelling of Gray to Grey. (He also shaved three years off his age, according to Norris F. Schneider, the foremost authority on Grey, and upon his death obituaries reported he had been born in 1875.) Whatever his name or date of birth, Zane Grey came from pioneer stock. His great grandfather, Colonel Ebenezer Zane, settled what is now Wheeling, W. Va. in 1770 and moved into Ohio after the Revolution. Zanesville is named for him. Zane Grey's father, Dr. Lewis Gray, was a farmer and a preacher who eventually became a dentist with a practice in the Terrace section of Zanesville.

The oldest of five children, young Pearl was so mischievous that he was known as "the terror of the Ter-

race." On one occasion he destroyed a bed of imported tulips planted in front of the Zanesville Historical and Art Institute. The name Pearl, especially in conjunction with the name Gray, apparently bothered him considerably. The only time he ever liked it, if liked is the word, was in adolescence, when he strove to dramatize himself by dressing in pearl-gray suits.

He was 6 when he saw his first fish. "Looking down from my high perch into the clear pool directly under me, I saw something that transfixed me with a strange rapture. Against the sunlit amber depths of the little pool shone a wondrous fish creature that came to the surface and snapped at a bug. It flashed silver and rose." The experience stayed with him. In school and church Pearl Gray was a dreamer. "I dreamed, mostly of fields, hills and streams. As I grew older, and learned the joys of angling, I used to run away on Sunday afternoons. Many a time have I come home late, wet and weary after a thrilling time along river or stream, to meet with severe punishment from my outraged father. But it never cured me. I always went fishing on Sunday. It seemed the luckiest day." Dr. Gray told Pearl the only good fishermen who had ever lived were Christ's disciples, but the boy paid no heed, and he became the admirer of a local bum named Muddy Maser who was always fishing on the Muskingum River.

Besides fishing, Pearl's other love was baseball, a sport at which he and his brother Homer—called R.C.—excelled. Pearl was a pitcher, and he and R.C. played semipro ball around Ohio. Dr. Gray wanted Pearl to become a dentist, and he had him start by polishing sets of false teeth on a lathe. His pitching arm stood him in good stead. When the family moved to Columbus, Pearl unofficially went into practice on his own, pulling teeth in Frazeysburg until the Ohio Dental Association compelled him to stop. He continued playing baseball, and after one game a scout from the University of Pennsylvania offered him a scholarship. His father allowed him to accept it on the condition that he major in dentistry.

At Penn. Grey was at first highly unpopular. Ignorant of student traditions, he accidentally entered the upper-class section of the lecture hall one day and triggered a riot in which his clothes were torn off and the room wrecked. After another contretemps he was chased by sophomores into a stairwell, where he managed to hold them off by hurling potatoes. His name and his refusal to go along with the crowd, to smoke, drink or gamble, made him the butt of jokes, and he escaped by spending most of his time reading in the library and playing baseball. He proved to be so good a ballplayer that, as he wrote later, "The bitter loneliness of my college days seemed to change. Wilborn, captain of the track team, took me up; Danny Coogan, the great varsity catcher, made me a member of Sigma Nu; Al Bull, the center on the famous football team that beat Yale and Princeton and Harvard, took me as a roommate."

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Grey played left field for Penn. His one lapse came in a game against Harvard, when he accidentally stepped into a hole and a fly ball hit him on the head, allowing the winning run to score. Ordinarily his fielding was excellent. He once made a catch that helped Penn beat the Giants at the Polo Grounds. In his senior year he came to bat against the University of Virginia with Penn trailing. It was two out in the ninth and a man on second. A verbose professor shouted, "Grey, the honor of the University of Pennsylvania rests with you!" Grey thereupon homered to win the game.

Grey was graduated with a diploma in dentistry in 1896. He opened an office in Manhattan on the West Side, and there he languished. He did not like the city, and he got away whenever possible. He played baseball for the Orange Athletic Club in New Jersey, and he became the youngest member of the Camp Fire Club. There a fellow member suggested that Grey write a story about his bass fishing on the Delaware. He did, and the story—his first effort—was published in *Recreation* in May 1902. The appearance of the article gave him direction, and he began writing an historical novel about his ancestor, Betty Zane, who carried gunpowder to her brother, Colonel Zane, during the siege of Fort Henry in the Revolution. All winter Grey labored over the book in a dingy flat. Upon completing it he drew the cover and inside illustrations. No publisher would accept *Betty Zane* and, after a wealthy patient offered to back it, Grey had it printed privately. Sales were nil, but in a visit to Zanesville in 1904 Grey grandly announced that he had given up dentistry to devote himself "exclusively to literature."

In 1905 Grey married Lina Roth of New York, whom he had met a few years earlier while he was canoeing down the Delaware in one of his escapes from dentistry. She had faith in her husband and a bit of money to boot, and he gave up his practice to write in a house overlooking the Delaware in Lackawassen, Pa. There he wrote, hunted, fished and savored "the happiness that dwells in wilderness alone." R.C., by now a professional ballplayer, chipped in with an occasional dollar, and Zane later repaid him by making him his official secretary and constant fishing companion.

Grey followed up *Betty Zane* by writing a couple of other books about the Ohio frontier, *The Spirit of the Border* and *The Last Trail*, which the A. E. Hart Co. eventually published. They were flops. But Grey hung on, and in 1907 he went west with one Buffalo Jones, visiting the wilder parts of Utah and Arizona. Jones had a ranch on the rim of the Grand Canyon, where he was hybridizing black Galloway cattle with buffalo and calling the offspring cattalo, and in his spare time he liked to lasso mountain lions. Grey loved it all and, upon returning to

the East, he wrote a book about Jones, *The Last of the Plainsmen*, which he took to Harper, a firm that had rebuffed him previously. Eagerly he awaited word and, hearing none, he visited the publishing house, where an editor coldly informed him, "I don't see anything in this to convince me that you can write either narrative or fiction." It was the bleakest moment in Grey's life. He was 36 years old, he had abandoned dentistry, his wife was pregnant with their first child and he had failed again. "When I staggered down the old stairway and out into Pearl Street I could not see," he later recalled. "I had to hold on to an iron post at the corner, and there I hung fighting such misery as I had never known. Something came to me there. They had all missed it. They did not know . . . and I went back to Lackawassen to the smile and encouragement that never failed me."

He promptly wrote his first Western novel, *The Hermitage of the Desert*. Harper yielded and published it in 1910—the year of the birth of his first son, Romer—and Grey thought he was at last on his way. Quickly he wrote *Riders of the Purple Sage*, but Harper rejected it as too "bulgy." Grey asked a vice-president of the firm to read the manuscript. He liked the novel, and so did his wife, who stayed up until 3 in the morning to finish it. The book was published, and Grey was permanently established. In 15 years *Riders of the Purple Sage* sold two million copies. Grey also turned out half a dozen juveniles, many of them dealing with his baseball experiences. In *The Young Pitcher* he wrote of the potato episode at Penn and drew himself as Ken Ward, the hero. His brother R.C., also called Reddy, was Roddy Ray, sparkplug of the team. In *The Shortstop*, Grey named the hero after Chase Alloway, a professional player he had known in Ohio. (In the Western *The Lone Star Ranger* Grey named one of the villains Chess Alloway.)

Although comfortably off, Grey continued to write feverishly. He could not abide waste of time. As a writer and as an angler Grey was a finisher, and he followed both callings to the hilt. "It is so easy to start anything, a fishing jaunt or a career," he wrote, "but it is an entirely different matter to finish. The men who fail to finish in every walk of life, men who have had every opportunity can be numbered by the millions." At top speed, Grey found he could write 100,000 words a month. He would pen himself up in his study, where he would sit in a Morris chair, writing in longhand on a lapboard, furiously chewing the top of a soft No. 1 pencil when a sentence failed him. He compiled notebooks of vivid phrases and expressions, and he often thumbened a worn copy of a book, *Maxims and Methods of Fiction* by Clayton Hamilton Grey's son Romer, now president of Zane Grey, Inc., says, "That was father's bible. It had a greater influence on his writing than any other work." Grey wrote only one draft of a book; he left the finishing of the manuscript to

continued



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his wife. When not writing he fished. He knew a long stretch of the Delaware by memory "I own nearly a thousand acres of land on it," he wrote. "I have fished it for ten years. I know every rapid, every eddy, almost, I might say, every stone from Callicoon to Port Jervis. This fifty-mile stretch of fast water I consider the finest bass ground that I have fished." In July, when the river was low, he would scout the water for big bass by going upstream and drifting face down on a raft. "I see the bottom everywhere, except in rough water. I see the rocks, the shelves, the caverns, I see where the big bass live. And I remember." When the time came to fish, Grey became part of the landscape; he trod the slippery stones "as if I were a stalking Indian. I knew that a glimpse of me, or a faint jar vibrating under the water, or an unnatural ripple on its surface, might be fatal to my enterprise." Not every visiting angler exalted the fishing; some referred to Lackawaxen Creek as the Lackanothing or Lackarotten.

With money coming in, Grey and R.C. began fishing in Florida. They went after bonefish, snook and tarpon. Grey was among the first to go after sailfish, and he scored so well that other fishermen flocked to the Gulf Stream. He was intrigued by wahoo, then seldom caught, reasoning that they could be taken because "all fish have to eat." He caught wahoo, and he helped put the Keys on the map. Wherever he went, he fished. On a trip to Mexico to gather material for a novel, his train chanced to pass by a jungle river, the Santa Rosa. Immediately Grey wondered, "Where did that river go? How many waterfalls and rapids hastened its journey to the Gulf? What teeming life inhabited its rich banks? How wild was the prospect! It

haunted me!" In time he made the trip in a flat-bottom boat. On a trip to Yucatan, he happened to hear of "the wild and lonely Alacranes Reef where lighthouse-keepers went insane from solitude, and where wonderful fishes inhabited the lagoons. That was enough for me. Forthwith I meant to go to Alacranes." Forthwith he did. There he met a little Englishman, Lord L., and "it was from him I got my type for Castleton, the Englishman, in *The Light of Western Stars*. I have been told that never was there an Englishman on earth like the one I portrayed in my novel. But my critics never fished with Lord L."

Grey never lost any time. On a fishing trip he was up before everyone at 4 in the morning, transcribing the adventures of the previous day. If fishing was slack, he worked on a book until breakfast. He wrote much of *The Drift Fence* and *Robbers' Roost* at sea, and he was so far ahead in production that *Boulder Dam*, which he wrote while off on a trip in the 1930s, was not published by Harper until 1963.

In 1914 Grey started going west each summer to Catalina, where he tried swordfishing. In his first year he spent 21 days at sea, trolling a total of 1,500 miles. Grey saw 19 swordfish and did not get one strike. Instead of becoming discouraged, he was pleased. "By this time," he wrote, "I had realized something of the difficult nature of the game, and I had begun to have an inkling of what sport it might be." On the 25th day Grey sighted a swordfish, which he hooked. But the fish broke away, and Grey was sick at heart. Next summer he was back again in Catalina. "I was crazy on swordfish," he admitted. To get his arms, hands and back into fighting trim, he rowed a boat

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Grey's "Fisherman" (right) and "Fisherman II" once docked together in Papeete Harbor, Tahiti.

for weeks on end. His patience and training were rewarded—he set a record by catching four swordfish in one day.

Between gathering material for novels, advising on movies and fishing, Grey began to visit Southern California so frequently that he moved his family to Los Angeles in 1918. Two years later he bought the small estate in Altadena that now serves as the headquarters of Zane Grey, Inc. Once established on the West Coast, Grey took up steelhead fishing in Oregon, and on a trip down the Rogue River he ran into a prospector who offered to sell his shack and land. Grey bought the place at Winkle Bar as offhandedly as he would buy a dozen new rods. He also owned some land and a small hunting lodge in Arizona. He shuttled from one place to another, writing, fishing, hunting, gathering material. "[The year] 1923 was typical of what I do in the way of work and play," he replied to an admirer who asked what a typical year was like. "The pleasant paradox, however, is that my play turns out to be valuable work. January and February I spent at Long Key, Florida, where I wrote, read, fished and wandered along the beach. The spring I spent with my family in Altadena, California, where I wrote and studied, and played with my family. Tennis is my favorite game. During this season I motored with Mrs. Grey down to San Diego, and across the mountains to El Centro and Yuma, through the wonderful desert land of Southern California. June found me at Avalon, Catalina Island, a place I have found as inspiring as Long Key, and infinitely different. Here I finished a novel, and then began my sword-fishing on the Pacific. My brother, R.C., and I roamed the sea searching for giant swordfish. Sometimes we ran a hundred miles in a day. The sea presents a marvelous contrast to the desert. It inspires, teaches, subdues, uplifts, appalls and re-makes me. There I learned more of nature than on land. Birds and fishes, strange sea creatures, are always in evidence. In September I took Mr. [Jesse] Lasky and his [Paramount] staff to Arizona to pick out locations for the motion picture, *The Vanishing American*. Upon the return I parted with the Lasky outfit at the foot of Navajo Mountains. . . . I, with my guide Wetherill, with selected cowboys and horses, tried for the third time to reach Wild Horse Mesa. In October I went to my hunting lodge in the Tonto Basin, where the magnificent forests of green pine and silver spruce and golden aspen soothed my eyes after the long weeks on sea and desert. Here I hunted and rode the lonely leaf-covered trails, lay for hours on the Rim, listening to the bay of hounds, and spent many a pleasant evening round the camp-fire, listening to my men, the gaunt long-legged and lead-faced backwoodsmen of the Tonto Basin. November and December found me back again at Altadena, hard as nails, brown as an Indian, happy to be home with my family, keen for my study with its books and pictures, and for the long spell of writing calling me to its fulfillment."

Grey always had some new adventure going. A Norwegian named Sievert Nielsen, a sailor turned prospector, read Grey's novel *Desert Gold* and wrote to him under the misapprehension that the story of the lost treasure in the farfetched plot was true. Grey was so charmed with the letter that he invited Nielsen to see him. They became friends and together hiked across Death Valley for the thrill of it.

Grey's success at landing big fish prompted a correspondence with Captain Laurie Mitchell of Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Mitchell, who was to become one of Grey's fishing companions, was enthusiastic about giant bluefin tuna off Nova Scotia. He himself had landed only one—it happened to be a world-record 710 pounds—and had lost between 50 and 60 of the big fish. Other anglers had caught perhaps a total of 10. The fish were simply too tough for ordinary tackle. This was just the sort of challenge that appealed to Grey, who promptly began laying plans to fish in Nova Scotia. He reasoned that his swordfish tackle would be adequate for the tuna, provided that the boat from which he was fishing was fast and maneuverable. He had two light skiffs built in Nova Scotia, and from Florida he ordered a special launch, 25 feet long and equipped with two engines capable of 18 miles an hour. The launch was so designed that at full speed it could turn on its own length. Grey installed Catalina fighting chairs in each boat.

Within a couple of weeks Grey proved his strategy to be right. He hooked three tuna and landed two, one of which was a world record 758 pounds and the largest fish of any kind ever caught on rod and reel.

**B**efore leaving Nova Scotia, Grey fulfilled a boyhood dream by buying "a beautiful white ship with sails like wings to sail into tropic seas." The three-masted schooner, which he called *Fuhrman*, held the record for the run from Halifax to New York. Grey scrupulously made certain she never had been used as a rumrunner; ever the teetotaler, he would not have a bootlegger's boat as a gift. He had *Fuhrman* outfitted with all the tackle that "money could buy and ingenuity devise," and, with R.C. and Romer, he set sail for the Galapagos, Cocos Island, the Gulf of Panama and the Pacific coast of Mexico. On this trip he caught a 135-pound Pacific sailfish, the first known to science, but otherwise fishing conditions were not good because of an abundance of sharks.

Broadbill swordfish remained Grey's great love. In 1926 at Catalina, he and his brother caught a total of 10, including Zane's world-record 582-pounder. In that same year R.C. caught five marlin, all more than 300 pounds. No other angler had then caught more than one 300-pound fish, and the 354-pounder taken by R.C. was a world record. It was a great year for the brothers and, as

*continued*

## WE'VE GOT THE NAME FOR THE GAME.



What's in a name?  
Plenty. Plenty of great  
golf, if the name  
is Wilson.

Wilson has been leading  
the way down the  
fairway for years with  
its K-28 clubs. Here's  
why so many golfers  
buy them:

They like the glistening  
ebony Strata-Bloc<sup>®</sup>  
woods. Layers of tough  
maple are bonded  
together for strength  
and Aqua-Tite<sup>®</sup> sealed  
to keep out moisture and

maintain perfect balance.  
They strongly approve  
the dynamically balanced  
K-28 irons, with weight  
scientifically placed for  
maximum power where  
club head meets ball.

And they unanimously  
favor the extra distance  
built into the K-28 ball,  
too. And its polyurethane  
finish that stays white  
for life!

The acclaim is a matter  
of record. But K-28  
performance is something  
else. Something you can  
feel and see and puff up  
with pride about.

For your new clubs and  
balls, pick Wilson—the  
name that's number one.

# Wilson

## AND IT ADDS UP TO A NICE CARD.



Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Ill. A subsidiary of Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc.

Grey wrote, "Not the least pleasure in our success was to run back to Avalon with the red flag flying at the mast-head, to blow a clarion blast from the boat's whistle, and to see the pier filled with excited spectators. Sometimes thousands of visitors massed at the end of the pier to see the swordfish weighed and photographed. On these occasions R.C. and I would have to stand the battery of hundreds of cameras and shake hands until we broke away from the pier."

Not everyone cheered Grey. He and R.C. broke early with members of the Catalina Tuna Club over Grey's choice of tackle. Although a light-tackle man in freshwater, Grey used very heavy tackle for big game fish. He argued that fish that broke off light tackle either became prey to sharks or died.

Grey accepted the invitation of the New Zealand government to investigate the big game fishing possibilities in that country. Captain Mitchell and R.C. went with him. They revolutionized local practices, instead of fishing with bait deep down, they took fish by trolling. Grey caught a world-record 450-pound striped marlin and a record 111-pound yellowtail, while Captain Mitchell set a record with a 976-pound black marlin. Grey's greatest pleasure, however, was finding copies of his Westerns in even the remotest homes he visited. "This was surely the sweetest and most moving of all the experiences I had, and it faced me again with the appalling responsibility of a novelist who in these modern days of materialism dares to foster idealism and love of nature, chivalry in men and chastity in women."

Back home, Grey had difficulties in Arizona. In 1930 the state passed game laws and established seasons, and Grey, accustomed to hunting bears whenever the mood was on him, was angered. He felt that he was entitled to hunt year round, because he had put Arizona on the map. When a warden refused to issue him a resident license Grey was "grossly insulted," and he gave up his lodge in the Tonto Basin. "In twelve years my whole bag of game has been five bears, three bucks and a few turkeys," he said. "I have written 15 novels with Arizona background. Personally it cost me \$30,000 to get material for one book alone, *To the Last Man*. My many trips all over the state have cost me \$100,000. So in every way I have not been exactly an undesirable visitor." He was so indignant he said he would never return and, as a parting shot, he said that the game commission and the Forest Service had sold out to "the commercial interest." As a case in point, he cited the north rim of the Grand Canyon as nothing more than a "tin-can gasoline joint." Grey felt strongly about the Grand Canyon, so much so that he could not bring himself to write about it. It was simply too marvelous to describe. Grey felt the same way about a book, *Fishing from the Earliest Times*, by William Rudcliffe, an English scholar. Grey found the book so poetic, monu-

mental, scientific and informative he did not feel equal to writing a review of it.

Fishing in the Pacific lured him more and more. He revisited New Zealand and Tahiti, where he caught his record 1,040-pound striped marlin. The fish was mutilated by sharks, had it not been, it would have weighed 200 pounds more. When the Australian government asked him to explore big game fishing there, Grey went to Australia and landed his record tiger shark off Sydney Heads. Always the unknown beckoned. He spent \$40,000 for a steel-hulled schooner originally built for the Kaiser, and another \$270,000 went into refurbishing the ship, which he named *Fisherman II*. His dream of dreams was to fish the waters of Christmas Island off Madagascar, where there were reports of sailfish 22 feet long. Equipped with six launches, *Fisherman II* embarked for Christmas Island on a round-the-world cruise. The ship was 195 feet long, but she had a narrow 28-foot beam and she rolled, even in a calm sea. Even Grey got sick. "We had so much trouble it was unbelievable," says his younger son, Loren. "We got as far as Totoya in the Fijis. The captain was ill. The chief engineer had appendicitis. We were there for over a month or more with costly repairs. Father finally called the trip off because of a pressing business matter with his publisher." Eventually Grey gave up on the ship, and she ended her days as a cannery tender for a West Coast tuna fleet.

While steelhead fishing in Oregon in 1937 Grey suffered a stroke. Romer and a guide carried him to a car and got him home, where he recuperated. Within a year he seemed recovered. He went to Australia to fish and then back to Aladena to write, before going on to Oregon for steelhead. There he insisted that Loren and three friends fish. "Not only all day, but every day in the week," says Loren, now a professor of education at San Fernando Valley State College. "We finally had a big fight with him and said we wanted to go home. If he wouldn't let us go home, would he at least let us go into town on weekends and live it up a little bit? He finally gave in, so we'd fish just five days a week."

Determined to make a complete recovery, Grey worked out with a rod in a fighting chair set on the porch of the west wing of his house. The line ran through pulleys and was attached to 75- and 100-pound weights near the cast wing. Every day Grey would battle imaginary fish, pumping the rod perhaps 200 times before calling it quits. He was getting ready for the next expedition. It never came. On October 23, 1939 Zane Grey died. His workouts in the fighting chair apparently had been too much for him. He once wrote, in his younger days, "There is only one thing wrong with a fishing day—its staggering brevity. If a man spent all his days fishing, life would seem to be a swift dream." For Zane Grey, compulsive angler, the swift dream was over.

END

# The AMX.

## It takes more than money to get one.



If you can find an AMX, we'll sell you one. But as this message goes to press, less than 2,000 AMX's have been produced.

And we, American Motors, will only make about 8,000 more this year.

You see the difficulty.

Even if you have the \$3,245<sup>1</sup> necessary to buy an AMX, you may get a lot of exercise before you ever get close enough to pay for one.

Ah, but the thrill of being the first man in your state to own one will surely be surpassed by the thrill of being the first man in your state to drive one.

A two-seater, the AMX gives you the ease of maintenance associated with a family sedan, combined with the sheer fun and maneuverability of a foreign sports car.

In fact, its incredibly uncomplicated design means that, once the optional 390 engine is broken in, you could roll right onto a race track and be ready to do about 130 mph.

In pure stock form—without special engine modifications.

Specially equipped AMX's with modified engines broke 106 USAC speed records.

And while there are cars on the road that are faster than the AMX, we hasten to add that beating other drivers isn't the AMX's main appeal.

It's the way the car reacts to you *as you drive*, not the usual dull split second later. You get out of lane, pass the car in front and get back in lane in one sure motion.

Because the AMX offers one of the fastest steering wheel ratios of any U.S.-built car, it turns, corners, follows your direction *simultaneously*.

Being a sports car, the AMX is sports-car sized.

So, while the inside isn't much of a place to hold meetings, it will hold a lot of other

things.

The trunk is a lot bigger than you'd expect a sports car trunk to be. Because we didn't fill it with a big spare tire.

We gave you The Airless Spare.

When you need it, it "wwwhhooooosshh!" inflates.

The Airless Spare is nice because it doesn't fill up your trunk with air that you don't need. It's something every car should have.

But then, every car should have a lot of things.

Things like a short throw, all-synchromesh 4-on-the-floor, fiberglass belted wide-profile tires, shoulder harness seat belts, tachometer, aircraft-type instrument panel, energy-absorbing steering column, heavy-duty springs and shocks.

To mention only a few of the AMX's standard features.

Another un-standard standard feature is the production number that will be set in the AMX dash when you (if you find one) buy it.

AMX 00001 through AMX 10,000.

While this number may mean a lot to collectors in the years ahead, we do want to point out one thing.

All AMX's are made with the same attention and quality.

And while possessing a lower number may have a sentimental or prestige value, it does not in any way make one AMX better than another.

Just as possessing an AMX does not make one man better than another.

Just luckier.

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Seattle: Alan B. Ferguson

# This may be one ever tackled by

## The Assignment:

Let's not soft-cushion it.  
The job is to hire  
and train 500,000 hard-core  
unemployed in our nation's  
largest cities. And to offer work  
to needy youths this summer.  
This is what the President has  
asked us to do...to help solve a  
critical national problem. This  
is what the JOBS\* program is  
all about. And it's why the  
National Alliance of  
Businessmen was formed.

## Why is it urgent business for Business?

Because as businessmen,  
we know that when our city's  
in trouble...our business  
is in trouble.  
Because as human beings,  
we know that it's wrong to let  
another human being waste  
away in a country like ours.

\*Job Opportunities in the Business Sector



# of the toughest jobs American business.

**We can't let 'George do it'.**

Not in these times. Today, *every* businessman is George. After all, 6 out of every 7 jobs are in private industry.

**Will Business carry the whole load?**

No. The Government will help find the man for the job. And will pay for extra training costs when necessary. The local Alliance office will tell you how.

**What's in it for you?**

You can turn a reject into a productive citizen. And into a loyal employee (because *you* gave him a chance). And you'll be in the good company of other enlightened businessmen. And instead of paying more taxes for welfare...you'll be paying for work done. And that's a good return on *any* investment.

**Will the JOBS\* program really work?**

We don't know. But we've got to try. It's already rolling. Firms all over the country have already pledged jobs. And business is dead set on trying to *make* it work. So much so that many companies are lending some of their best people, full time, to the program.

**Who is doing what?**

The National Alliance of Businessmen made up of business leaders in each of our largest cities is spearheading the program; working with the Government. If the Chairman in your city hasn't already called you...don't wait. Call him. Now. Because this is more than a business obligation. You owe it to yourself...and your community.



***You  
can help  
too...***

Red Cross reaches out to a lonely child in Atlanta, a weary GI in Viet Nam, a hurricane-stricken family in Louisiana. Red Cross instructors teach youngsters to swim. Red Cross first aid cares for an injured skier in Vermont. Red Cross blood saves a life in Detroit. All over the United States and around the world Red Cross people are there—helping, working, serving other people. The help they give depends entirely on you. Serve and support the Red Cross in your community!



**JOIN UP...  
JOIN IN**





# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

On Thursday night (7-0) Righthander Joe Spivak put away a plate of veal scallopini for breakfast and then went and pitched the Tigers into first place with a shutout. The dish was a break in tradition for Joe—he usually breakfasts on sausage and green peppers before he starts—and his pitching was a break for his team, too, keeping alive the Tigers' win streak, which was nine at week's end. The leaders were feasting on healthy hitting by Bill Freehan (.393 BA) and Willie Horton (.310 with two homers) and gritty relief pitching that showed up in three 10th-inning wins. WASHINGTON (6-1), whose hitters had been out to lunch in the first week of the season, chewed up opposition pitching for 32 runs and eight homers as the Senators jumped from 10th to fourth. With Jim Lonborg injured, it was figured that noontime (4-3) would be forced to rely on its hitters to bring home the wins. But last week Dick Ellsworth, Jose Santiago, Gary Waslewski and Jerry Stephenson all won complete games and the Red Sox pitching looked healthier than ever. After opening with six straight wins, MINNESOTA (4-2) lost twice and fell to second place, despite strong performances by Harmon Killebrew (.318 with 7 RBIs) and Bob Allison (.478), both of whom are off to their best starts ever. Youngster Stan Bahnsen, reviving veteran Bill Monbouquette and Yankee ace Mel Stottlemyre each pitched strong games that allowed new YORK (3-4) to pick up their only wins of the week. The Athletics opened in their new home in OAKLAND (3-5) and promptly lost four of five when the hitters scored just six runs in 49 innings. The problem was the same in Anaheim, where CALIFORNIA (2-5) scored only 10 runs in its five losses, more than half

them on homers by Rick Reichardt and Roger Repoz. BALTIMORE'S (3-4) Dave McNally is trying a comeback this season and, if his first appearance, a two-hitter, was any indication, he may already be back. One Orioles' regular, Catcher Andy Etchebarren, may be ready to go though, his hitting and defense have been so poor that Outfielder Curt Blefary is being given a try behind the plate. CLEVELAND (3-4) lost four of five to end the week as both the hitting and pitching went bad. Indians batters averaged only .197 in that span and ace Pitchers Steve Hargan and Sonny Siebert were hit hard. Everything is wrong in CHICAGO (0-7). The once marvelous pitching has gone sour—the team ERA is up almost one run and Joel Horlen and Gary Peters are both 0-2—the hitters are averaging just .176 and the fielders committed 10 errors last week. Worst for Manager Eddie Stanky, the White Sox have not yet won a game.

Standings: Det 1, Win 7-2, Bat 6-4, Wash 4-4, Bal 5-4, NY 4-5, Cal 4-4, Cle 4-4, Cal 3-7, Chi 0-9

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

How washed up can Willie Mays get? The big question, asked all winter after Mays' worst season in '67, received a thumping answer last week. The SAN FRANCISCO (5-2) star looked about as washed up as Pippin, winning three games with key hits, batting .429 and leading the Giants to second place. CINCINNATI (4-2) had plenty of hitting (.269 team BA), but the starting pitchers could not finish, so the relievers, led by Bob Lee, who won twice against the Cards, took credit for all the wins. NEW YORK'S (3-5) staff, paced by rookie Jerry Koosman, who threw his second shutout in as many starts, allowed no earned runs over a 49-in-

ning span. As part of that streak, eight Mets pitchers combined to hold HOLLYWOOD (1-5) scoreless for 23 innings before an error in the 24th gave the Astros the lone run they needed to win the longest night game ever. That was the Astros' only victory of the week as their lineup hit just .164 and Jim Wynn, who broke nine team batting records last year, was benched with a .091 average. LOS ANGELES (5-3), with Manager Walt Alton out convalescing from surgery, enjoyed its usual good pitching, only once allowing more than three runs. But the hitters failed to score more than that in all but two games. ATLANTA'S (4-3) big worry, pitching, was soothed by six low-run performances. New problems, however, were popping up—Catcher Joe Torre was beaten and suffered two fractures, and Braves attendance was down 50%. PHOENIX (4-3) came back from a six-game losing streak on the unexpected slugging of light hitters Cookie Rojas, Bobby Wine and Clay Dalrymple and on tight pitching, particularly by Chris Short, who has yet to give up more than four hits in a game this year. Jim Bunning of PITTSBURGH (3-3) became the second pitcher ever (Cy Young was the other) to strike out 1,000 hitters in both leagues when he fanned eight while shutting the Dodgers out on five hits. ST. LOUIS (4-4) took the lead, dropped it and got it back. The dropout came when Bob Gibson, who has yet to win, gave up 10 hits in a loss to the Cubs. That win was not enough to pull CHICAGO (2-5) out of the cellar, but it did mark a turnaround for Cub pitchers, 16 of whom had worked futilely in four straight losses.

Standings: StL 4, SF 4-4, Phi 5-4, Atl 5-3, LA 5-3, Was 5-4, NY 5-4, Phil 4-6, NY 4-7, Chi 3-3

## HIGHLIGHT

Opening Day couldn't have been more auspicious, second and succeeding days couldn't have been more auspicious. Wednesday at the new Oakland Coliseum, 50,166 spectators were present to greet the new team in town, the Athletics. But the following night only 5,304 came out, and Friday was hardly better—6,251. The crowd grew to 16,000 on Saturday, but even that mild improvement required special door-to-door free cups for the kids. Than gold owner Charlie Finley thought he saw in the West might yet turn out to be as illusory as it was in Kansas City. After their first four games in both towns, 1967 and 1968, the A's attendance was showing disturbing signs of running rock and neck. Undoubtedly the Athletics suffer under the same burden that has all but buried other Oakland franchises when competing with

San Francisco teams (StL, April 1), but they have other problems too. There are few recognizable names on the club aside from Coach Joe D'Magno's, base-stealing champ Campy Campanera and those of the two young pitchers, Catfish Hunter and Blue Moon Odom, whose names attract more attention than their pitching. What the A's do have is a long list of good young players, chief of whom may be Reggie Jackson (right), presently among the league's best hitters with a .351 average. Jackson, left-handed and an outfielder, has power too. He slugged 17 homers for Birmingham last year and already leads the A's with three in their first nine games this season. Jackson or another young hopeful, perhaps Outfielder Rick Monday or Third Baseman Sal Bando, must develop into the new hero the A's need, or Oakland beware. Finley has this male, see, and he is a ridin' man.



A'S JACKSON: OAKLAND'S BEST HOPE

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE CEREMONY AND THE RULE

Six

I warned you to know how much I enjoyed Dan Jenkins' article *Where Ceremonies Rules* (April 8). His inside picture of the Masters was delightful, and I felt I was actually seeing Bowman Milligan "answer the call."

Jay Marcell's photographs could not have been better. His beautiful shots of that magnificent course will keep me daydreaming until I can get my driver in hand again.

J. C. BOX

Lacut, Commander, USN

Los Alamitos, Calif.

Six

After what happened to Roberto de Vincenzo (*Golf's Craziest Drama*, April 22) it appears to me that the Masters officials ought to put Bowman Milligan in charge of the tournament and Cliff Roberts in charge of the kitchen.

SAH KRUMHOLZ

Canton, Ohio

Six

Many sports have arcane rules, but none can match the relic that was used to deny Roberto de Vincenzo his chance to win the Masters golf championship. Certainly he violated a USGA rule by incorrectly recording his score and therefore should be penalized, but one cannot keep from laughing at the rule itself.

Does a baseball player have to validate in writing the balls and strikes that are pitched or must the team sign a statement verifying the runs it has scored in order to claim a victory? Must a tennis player be required to write down every point of every game and set?

With the sophisticated scoreboards, cameras and judges that closely monitor all professional matches today, it seems ridiculous that every golfer must go through the routine of recording the score on every hole even though it is only a trivial chore, he should be too busy concentrating on his game to attend to a formality that any scoreboard or judge can perform. Bob Goolbsy deserves the Masters championship, but the rules of golf need amending.

ALAN BARKER

Columbia, Mo.

Six

The Masters officials have applied a rule with an inexorable finality that would be unexpected even in a court of law. Probably 5,000 persons witnessed the fact that de Vincenzo made a birdie 3 on the 17th hole. Millions of others witnessed that fact on their television screens, and even the tournament officials acknowledged it publicly.

But then those same officials closed their eyes to the fact and accepted the myth that, instead of a birdie 3, de Vincenzo really made a par 4 because that figure appeared in the appropriate square on his scorecard. I am disappointed in them.

DENTON GIBBS

Laurel, Miss.

Six

Carl Yastrzemski would never have won the Triple Crown if he had had to compile his batting average, RBIs and home runs while he was running the bases. If tournament officials can offer \$100,000 or \$125,000 in prize money surely they can afford \$1,000 or so for official scorers to follow the players and record every shot.

WILLIAM DUNLAP

Proton, Ill.

Six

I nominate Roberto de Vincenzo for Sportsman of the Year.

FRANK ALLAN

Riviera Beach, Fla.

## SALUTES TO SPRING

Six

Each of us knows the first sign of spring. For some it's a man loosening up winter-stiff muscles with a tennis racket. For golf nuts it's a packed driving range on a warm Tuesday night. But baseball buffs turn to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for their first taste of the excitement, movement and spectacle of a new season. Nowhere else is the spring more beautifully anticipated.

In this year's special baseball issue (April 15) you have recorded in pictures the moods of the game. In words you expose the "just folks" ingredients of our national pastime. Here's to a great spring, a hot summer race, a classic fall and SI's continued excellent coverage.

STUART BARBICH

Kew Garden Hills, N.Y.

Six

In last year's outlook on the baseball season SI predicted a "rising dynasty for the birds." The way things worked out, however, the highest flying birds turned out to be the St. Louis Cardinals. As for your American League predictions for this year, only the future—and Eddie Sanky's Chicago White Sox—will tell for sure.

PAUL GIARD

Skokie, Ill.

Six

Why, why, why do you people refuse to believe that the Chicago Cubs are for real? In your most gracious moment you grant

that if Centerfield Adolfo Phillips can put two good half seasons together instead of just one, the Cubs again will contend for the title. "What an absurd statement! Do you think that the Cubs are so weak that they must depend on just one man?" The Cubs are so improved over last year that I, for one, would be astonished if they don't have the pennant won by Labor Day.

DAVID TROY

Northfield, Minn.

Six

One thing that has really set me off this year is that everyone, including SI, is predicting the Houston Astros to finish last. I look for this team to finish at least in third place.

MIKE PAVLIN

New Martinsville, W. Va.

## MUDCAT

Six

I got a tremendous kick out of Frank DeFord's article *Cowhee Coss Another Tune* (April 8). I was living in Fargo, N. Dak. in 1954 when James Grant, a skinny, scared kid, came north with the Fargo-Moorhead Twins (now defunct) of the Class C Northern League for the opening of the season. Most of the players in the league were veterans who hadn't quite made it or young kids like Joe Pepitone and Roger Maris, both of whom played for Fargo-Moorhead, and Bill Bruton and Hank Aaron, who played for the Eau Claire Braves of Eau Claire, Wis.

Nobody took Mudcat very seriously until he started his first game. He was 19 and had plenty of *piquet*. We hadn't seen a fast ball like his before, and I guess some of the guys he played against hadn't either. He won 21 games, the Fargo-Moorhead Twins won the pennant and Mr. Grant went right on up. Roger Maris and a short right fielder didn't hurt the Twins' records much either.

Grant is a great guy and I wish him the best.

JOHN E. HOWARD

Eugene, Ore.

## SWIMMER?

Six

We were greatly entertained by Gil Rogin's story on our own Don Schollander (*Is Schollander a Swimmer?*, April 11), but we would like to rectify one small factual omission which mars an otherwise shining piece of reportage. Schollander implies that he and his roommates are the legitimate heirs to the Pam Club tradition at Yale's Berkeley College but that the tradition is now on the decline; we wish to go on record as saying that the Pam Club lives, and

continued

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and garden tractor.**

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ALLIS-CHALMERS

## 19TH HOLE

that at 598 Berkeley the word "work" is still worth little. We still have the original Punt Club bar, symbol of the club's glorious tradition, we continue to maintain the Punt Club's high standards and carry her name proudly, despite the claims of would-be pretenders to the coveted title.

**THE PUNT CLUB**  
Jonathan Elias  
Ronald Chernow  
Donald Bailey  
Robert Kohn

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:  
Concerning your article, *Is Schallender a Swimmer?*, I fail to see the point. Is not the Don Schallender that won four gold medals in the Tokyo Olympics? If he's not a swimmer, swimming has no future.

JEFF McDOUGAL

Odebolt, Iowa

## GREEN-EYED

In regard to *A City of Complexes* (April 1), I believe I have detected some sour grapes from the many American cities without the amount of professional sports teams that Oakland has; I also detected some jealousy from an Oakland rival—namely San Francisco.

LELAND KEMER

Oakland, Calif.

## GAMBIT

Sirs:  
In *Senor cards* of April 1, you criticize the Boston Celtics for deliberately losing to Detroit so that the Pistons could enter the playoffs rather than the Cincinnati Royals, whom Boston has had more trouble beating. You call it "defensible," but the purpose of professional sports is to win—both championships and money—and if the NBA championship selection method is so irrational as to present a team with a better chance to gain ultimate league victory by losing a particular contest rather than by winning it, that team can hardly be criticized for seizing that chance.

If you want to call something indefensible, aim your words at the playoff systems, interdivision play and other promotional gimmicks that create these inevitable and undesirable conflict-of-interest situations. Only baseball, because it plays a uniform schedule and has no playoffs, avoids problems of this kind, and this is one reason why the World Series is a true championship event.

So would it be better to crusade for the abolition of playoffs and the establishment of a rational approach to championship selection than to label "defensible" a team's effort to improve its ultimate chances of winning.

BRUCE J. HANDBURST  
Shaker Heights, Ohio

continued





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15TH HOLE continued

### SKELETON

Six

*Operation Build and Destroy* (April 1) should arouse the ire of all those who love the out-of-doors and the natural wonders of America. I don't Shrike writes a poignant illustrative article showing what can happen to the heritage that belongs to all of us. It should never be "too late to stop now," as Senator Cooper suggests. Thank goodness some of our legislators have long ago realized that once the land is pillaged they can't bring it back.

Please continue your fine efforts to keep the public informed about our America. The efforts are most welcome and very much appreciated.

WILLIAM MISHENSKI

Des Plaines, Ill.

Six

*Operation Build and Destroy* is the story of the United States from its inception. In due time the continent will be stripped of all vestiges of nature picked clean is a skeleton by the wolves of commercialism. If this is what so-called progress seeks, we had best give the land back to the Indians. They deserve it. We don't.

WYNTER A. WHEEL

Freeville, N.Y.

### NEGATIVE ANSWER

Six

It is about time Charles Goren stated his tasteless attacks on Alvin Roth, or the allowed more imaginative minds to fill his bridge columns. In *The Verdus Is Not on the Negative Double* (April 8) Goren gives us his critical analysis of a hand in which declarer made four spades doubled, a result made possible by an opponent's use of the negative double earlier in the auction. As most bridge players are aware, the negative double was intended by Roth. What is more, the hand itself is no example. West made his negative double on insufficient values (less than one defensive trick), and the contract cannot be fulfilled against correct defense, as Mr. Goren himself points out!

Mr. Goren has previously written a similar article attacking the unusual no trump (5L No. 6), also an Alvin Roth original. On still another occasion he commented that no sooner had he book *Bridge is a Partnership Game* by Roth and Stone been published than Roth and Stone's own partnership was on the rocks (5L April 3, 1967).

JAMES F. HUGHES

Amherst, Mass.

● Despite the fact that he considers Alvin Roth one of the game's most brilliant theorists, Expert Goren stands pat on what he said. —ED



You know that odd movie shibboleth of the World War II POW camps? The Krauts throw a phony into camp and he says he's from Brooklyn or Cincinnati or somewhere, and then the guys from back home all start asking subtle questions about the baseball season and it turns out he doesn't even know which team the headline writers call "The Flock," so they let him have it.

Well, they tried it in real life at least once, all right. I can vouch for that. But it's a punk idea, and I shudder to think how often it may have miscarried. I suppose way back in Biblical times when they asked that spy to say "shibboleth" and he goofed it by saying "shibboleth" things used to stay pretty much the same for longer periods of time. But baseball just doesn't work that way, particularly in wartime when the draft and enlistments are getting the averages all fouled up.

Take last year, for heaven's sake. Not that it was really wartime in the sense of 1941-1945. But wartime or no wartime, supposing that last September a guy had been thrown into a POW camp in North Vietnam where nobody had heard anything about baseball for nine months. "Who's playing in the Series?" they might ask him.

"The Cards," he'd say.

"O.K. Who else?"

"The Red Sox."

End of questioning. End of guy.

Well, that's just about the way it was with me back in 1944. I was a bombardier in a B-17 some 27,500 feet over Rumania when the fighters pranged us. Seven of the 11 aboard managed to bail out, but I landed miles from the others in a drier riverbed. Within moments after burying my parachute under the lip of a parched bank, I was captured in a pincers that consisted of a remarkably inaccurate farmer firing an ancient 30-30 field piece and a band of peasants armed with scythes, flails, rakes, hoes and other agricultural weapons. In my best high school German mixed with a seasoning of pidgin English, I asked them about getting to neighboring Yugoslavia. Tito's partisans, we all knew, were operating an underground railway for downed Allied fliers, and it seemed possible that some Rumanian peasants might be sympathetic. My questions seemed to allay their hostility, and the fact that I was an American flier filled them with glee. I soon found out why. After feed-

## When the Prisoner Sang the St. Louis Blues

The movies were right about those trick questions in the POW camps, but they weren't always right about the answers by MARVIN LORBER

ing me and getting me happily drunk on the local potable, *rucka*, the fun-loving Rumanians turned me over to the police and collected the bounty offered on all enemy fliers.

After a night in the local jail, I was driven to an army installation at the edge of Bucharest that served as both a prison camp and a barracks for Nazi and Rumanian troops. I was taken to a hazem room, strapped, searched and interrogated by a Rumanian captain, who had spent his formative years in Pittsburgh. He passed most of the time telling me how he played hooky so he could watch the Pirates. I was a St. Louis boy and a Browns fan, which was something like being a Mets fan today, so we didn't have much in common.

After this chatty session I was taken to a large, dark room lined on each side with crude wooden double bunks covered with mattresses made of equal parts of straw and vermin. In the room there were about 30 American fliers of various ranks.

I was just in time for supper, a collage of swill with decayed shredded cabbage leaves in a broth of boiled water. Since none of the crew of my B-17 had been brought in and I knew no one in the room where I was imprisoned, I was treated warily by the Allied assemblage.

This, of course, was quite proper. At each briefing before a mission every flight crew was warned about its behavior if captured and specifically alerted to the possibilities of spies in prisoner-of-war camps. "Beware of strangers" was the word. And I was a stranger.

Feeling weary and unwanted, I fell into one of the filthy bunks and, after a night spent battling bed bugs, lice and assorted other beasts, I rose crippled with backache and badly needing a

shave. Off in a corner, a sergeant was using a razor while a group stood around him waiting turns to borrow it. I dragged myself over.

Since everyone in the room had avoided me since my arrival, I was not unprepared for what happened when I asked the sergeant if I could borrow the razor.

He sat honing the blade on the side of a drinking glass silently for a few moments, then looked up and asked: "Lieutenant, you're the latest arrival, so what's new? Who's leading the National League?"

"I'm not sure," I answered. "I'm an American League fan myself but I know the Cards, the Reds and the Pirates are all up there."

"And where's Notre Dame?" asked the sergeant.

"Notre Dame?" I repeated in surprise.

"Yeah, Notre Dame."

"What are you, a wise guy, sergeant? Notre Dame's in South Bend, Indiana."

"Now, Lieutenant, that's not what I mean. Where's Notre Dame in the American League?"

"Look, sergeant, don't play book soldier with me. I know all the crap about not talking to strangers in a prison camp. I've heard it hundreds of times just like everyone else in this room. O.K., I know I'm here all alone but I'm not a plant, and when the rest of the guys from my crew arrive, if they ever do, they'll prove it. I was a bombardier in a B-17, and I got it over Floesti. And you know as well as I do that Notre Dame is a college famed for football and doesn't play baseball against the pros. Now can I use the razor or can't I?"

The sergeant sat silently, continuing to hone the blade on the side of the tumbler, then he asked: "O.K., then, Who's

continued

ahead in the American League?"

With considerable irritation and some firmness I told him, not much caring whether he believed me or not. There was another loud silence. Finally, without looking up, the sergeant said: "I'm sorry, lieutenant, but there are only so many shares in this blade, and it's the only one I've got."

I hobbled back to my bed, hanging on to the wooden hunks for support, and lay down. The sergeant continued to hone his blade and, when he finished, walked over to a captain, who, being the senior officer in the room, was in command. They were joined by half a dozen others and held a whispered conference. I couldn't hear a word they said, but I knew it was about me and I knew I was suspect.

A short time later the guard opened the door and in came four other guards. Two carried a steaming cauldron, one had several loaves of black bread and the fourth a tray of tin cups. The procedure was to take the food to the table in the center of the room or to your bunk.

Walking was extremely painful for me, and with my hands filled with a steaming hot tin cup and a slice of bread I could not grasp the ends of the bunks to help me maneuver. I started to shuffle toward the table, which was closer than my bunk, but I never made it. Someone jostled me and I dropped the cup; then someone stuck his foot out and tripped me. As I put my hands out to break my fall, the bread dropped onto the filthy floor and someone kicked it under a bunk. Not having eaten for a day, I held my anger, crawled to the cot and under it, and retrieved the bread. I put it in the pocket of my flying suit and crawled back to my bunk. I brushed off the dirt as best I could and ate. The bread was dry and stale, and there would be nothing to wash it down until midday when we were served water from the tumbler that served as our common drinking cup.

About an hour later there was a latrine call. In groups of about half a dozen we were escorted under guard to the latrine building, which was in the courtyard next to the kitchen where the food was prepared for the Nazi and Rumanian soldiers in the barracks.

I had noticed that most of the old-timers in the room had a cache of raw potatoes and carrots plus bread stashed

in their clothing or under their pillows. I had wondered where those goodies had come from. Now I found out. It was a simple matter to divert the attention of the soldier guarding the latrine and quickly stick your hand through the unscreened kitchen window and grab whatever was within reach.

Next day, when latrine call came, I positioned myself so I could reach into the kitchen window. When the guard's attention was diverted I grabbed a slice of bread and a peeled raw potato, quickly hiding them in the pockets of my flying suit. While I was sitting on my bunk enjoying this feast, a corporal came over to me and said, "Hi." He was the first one to talk to me since my run-in the day before with the sergeant.

"Hi," I said.

"Say, lieutenant, do you know about the Geneva Convention?"

"Yeah, I know something about it. It protects guys like us, prisoners of war."

"Yeah, lieutenant, that's right. But it also says if you get caught stealing you can be tried and maybe even get 25 years in prison. And they don't mean prisoner-of-war camps."

"What's your point?"

"Simple. You know that potato and bread you are eating. You took them from the kitchen. That's stealing. Well, you seem to be a decent guy and some of us suspect not all of the guys in the room are Americans."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning, simply, that some of the other guys in this room might be plants. You know, Rumanians, or even Nazis, who talk perfect English and were put into this room to spy. It could even be you. Or me."

"Yeah, I know, I know, but why are you telling me this?"

"Well, I just don't want you to get turned in for stealing food. You seem to be having enough trouble with your back and no one talking to you, so I feel a little sorry for you, that's all. Just trying to be friendly, lieutenant, is all."

"Thanks."

Next morning, despite what the corporal had said, I again joined the scavengers reaching into the kitchen. This time I sneaked a carrot and two slices of bread. That afternoon, while I napped, someone stole the carrot and the bread, but no one reported me. I woke angry and stricken with dysentery, but this was

good. It meant I had to make frequent trips to the latrine, and this gave me additional opportunities to lay in a food supply—unless somebody reported me.

On the fourth day of my ostracism there was no problem. Instead of latrine call, there was an air raid. We were locked in our room while the guards either went to the air-raid shelter or manned the lookout towers, aiming their rifles at the sky. Fortunately, the raid was on Ploesti, not on Bucharest.

Next morning, through the grapevine, we learned we soon would be getting visitors: crews that had been shot down during the raid the day before.

I could only hope that when the new prisoners of war were brought in there would be somebody who knew me. I got better than I had hoped.

After the evening meal the new prisoners were brought into the room in groups of four and five. In the last two batches were five members of my own crew. A sixth member was in the hospital with a broken leg, they told me.

While I was having an overly emotional reunion with the quintet I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was the sergeant who owned the razor.

"Can I talk to you alone, lieutenant?" he said.

"Sure."

"Let's go over there," he said, pointing to a corner. When I got out of my bunk he gave me a hand until we reached the corner.

"I owe you an apology," he began. "I'm sorry for all the horrible things we have done to you since you got here. But you know how the G-2 always told us to be careful of strangers in prison camps. And you know why they tell you to talk slang to strangers, ask them questions about sports to prove they are Americans and not spies. . . . Well, I've had a chance to check out what you told me from the new guys."

"Told you about what?" I asked.

"About the American League," he said.

I stared incredulously. Then I asked, "Is that what made you and everyone else here decide apparently once and for all that I was an enemy plant, a spy?"

The sergeant lowered his eyes to the ground and cleared his throat. "Well, yeah," he said at last. "After all, lieutenant, who the hell could ever believe the St. Louis Browns were leading the American League?"

END

## *I married a bartender.*



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I married a somebody who can wait all day for a fish to bite, double bogey 5 times in 9 holes, or sit half the night in a duckblind—and love every minute of it.

I married a somebody who can reel off sports statistics, settle a political argument, and give sympathy to the love-lorn—all in the same breath.

I married a somebody who can laugh at a stale joke, listen to an endless story, and remember your name even if he's only met you once.



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